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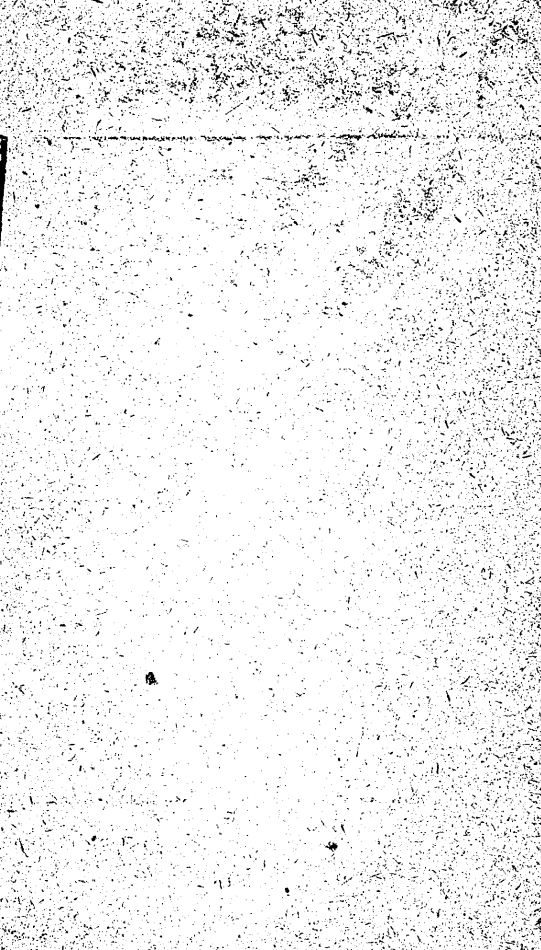
Besides the main topic this book also treats of

Subject No.

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On



PSALMS, HYMNS

||

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS

FOR

The Congregations of Christ.

Is any one cheerful? Let him sing praise.—JAMES v. 1.
I will sing with the spirit, but I will also sing with
understanding.—PAUL: 1 Cor. xiv. 15.

TENTH EDITION

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PRINTED AT THE LEADER PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
JAMES BEATY, PROPRIETOR.

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This Compilation of Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, is respectfully commended :

To all who worship God in spirit and truth, Jno. iv. 24. Having been sanctified by Christ Jesus, called saints; with all, in every place who invoke the name of our Lord Jesus Christ—1 Cor. i. 2. And walk worthy of the calling by which they are called, with all humility and meekness, with long suffering, bearing with one another in love, earnestly endeavoring to preserve the unity of the spirit by the bond of peace, in one body and one spirit; as also they have been called with one hope of their calling; with one Lord, one faith, one immersion, one God and Father of all, who is over all, with all, and in them all—Eph. iv. 1 to 6. And who have become imitators of the congregations of God in Judea, which were in Christ Jesus—1st Thess. ii. 14. Keeping in remembrance the ways, of the apostles, in Christ as they taught everywhere in every congregation—1 Cor. iv. 17. Contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints—Jude 3—Phill. i. 27. And who through Jesus offer up continually the sacrifice of praise to God, namely, the fruit of their lips giving thanks to his name—Heb. xiii. 15. Expecting the blessed hope, namely: the appearing of the glory of the great God and of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for them that he might redeem them from all iniquity and purify to Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works—Titus ii. 13.



P R E F A C E

THE first singing of which we have any record is that: when the "foundations of the earth" were laid "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."—Job xxxviii. 7. At the Birth of Christ the shepherds who watched their flocks on the plains of Bethlehem were startled at the voice of "an angel of the Lord" saying, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of great joy, which shall be for all the people; for there is born for you this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will among men."—Luke ii. 10, 11, 13. Thus Creation and Redemption were ushered in by the praises of heavenly hosts "to the Creator"—Rom. i. 25—and "Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who is blessed for ever."—2 Cor. xi. 31.

When "Redemption's work was done," he "who captivated captivity"—Ephesians iv. 8—"having ascended on high" was greeted with heavenly strains thus prophetically described by David: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord strong and mighty; the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory: Selah."—Psalms xxiv. 7—1 Cor. ii. 8. John, in the Revelation, describes the introduction of the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, preparatory to the final consummation of all things, in these heart-stirring words: "And a voice came out from the throne, which said, praise our God, all you his servants, you that fear him, both small and great; and I heard a

sound which was as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and like the peal of mighty thunderings, saying, Hallelujah ! for the Lord God the Omnipotent, reigns ! we rejoice, and exult, and give glory to him, because the Marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife has prepared herself. And it was given to her that she should be clothed in fine linen, pure and resplendent ; and the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints. And he said to me, write : Happy are they who are invited to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb ! And he said to me, These are the true words of God.”—Rev. xix. 1, 9.

With such examples of lofty praise before them, why should not the “sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty” sing ?

If the Patriarchs sang at all, there is no reference to it in all their history. The first intimation of singing by men, is that of the Song of Moses and the children of Israel ; after they had passed the Red Sea and their great deliverance had been accomplished by the destruction of Pharaoh and the Egyptian hosts ; thus Moses said, “I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.”—Exodus xv. 1. And Moses composed a beautiful song, found in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, and “Miriam the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously ; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.”—v. 20. At the opening of Solomon’s Temple and the placing therein of the Ark of the Covenant, wherein were “the two tables which Moses put therein at Horeb.” “It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord,” saying, “For he is good ; for his mercy endureth for ever, that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the House of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord had filled the House of God.”—2 Chron. v. 13. There are frequent references to singing, singers, and praises, after this period, in the Old Testament ; even on their return from Baby on, the Jews are said to have

had "two hundred, forty and five singing men and singing women."—Nehemiah vii. 67, 78. There seems to have been a class who made singing a business, and on public occasions wore fine linen, as "David was clothed with a robe of fine linen, and all the Levites that bare the ark, and the singers and Chenaniah the master of the song, with the singers."—1 Chron. xv. 27. And they accompanied their songs "with shouting and with sound of the cornet, and with trumpets, and with cymbals, making a noise with psalteries and harps."—28 v. David also said, "Praise him with the sound of the trumpet, praise him with the psalter and harp, praise him with the timbrel and dance, praise him with stringed instruments and organs, praise him upon the loud cymbals, praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals."—Psalms cxlix. 3, and cl. 3.

In the New Testament there are various allusions and directions concerning singing. The only instance in which there is any account of Christ singing would appear to have been after the institution of the Supper. "And when they had sung an hymn, they went out to the Mount of Olives."—Matt. xxvi. 30, Mark xiv. 26.

This hymn is generally supposed to have been the latter part of the *Hallel* or series of Psalms which were sung by the Jews on the night of the Passover, comprehending Psalms cxiii.—cxviii.; Psalms cxiii. and cxiv. being sung before, and the rest after the Passover.

The Disciples of the Lord who were added to the congregation on the day of Pentecost after the resurrection and ascension of Christ "continued steadfastly in the teaching of the Apostles, and the contribution, the breaking of the bread, and the prayers."—Acts ii. 42. And they "partook of their food with joy and simplicity of heart, praising God and having favor with all the people."—Acts ii. 47. It may be observed in passing, that these acts of worship and benevolence have ever been and ever will be distinctive features in the congregations of Christ composed of those who, like the Jews on the day of Pentecost, having received the Apostle's words with readiness of mind, are immersed into Jesus Christ. They will continue steadfastly

in the *Apostles' teaching*, the *contribution* for the poor, the *breaking of the loaf*; the *prayers*, and the *praises* to God. When Paul and Silas were thrown "into the inner prison" at Philippi, they at midnight having prayed, sung "a hymn to God, and the prisoners heard them."—Acts xvi. 25. And they were released from prison by the miraculous intervention of God in their behalf. The Apostle Paul in his letter to the Congregation of Christ in Corinth, says: "I will sing with the Spirit; but I will sing also with understanding."—1 Cor. xiv. 14. "What is it then brethren? when you are come together, each of you has a psalm, has a discourse, has a foreign language, has a revelation, has an interpretation."—1 Cor. xiv. 26. He also directed the Ephesian Disciples to speak "to one another in psalms (*Psalmois*) and hymns (*Humnois*) and spiritual songs (*Odaïs Pneumatikais*;) singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord, giving thanks at all times for all things, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to God even the Father."—Eph. v. 19. And to the Colossians he said, "Let the words of Christ dwell in you richly, and with all wisdom teach and admonish each other by psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; singing with gratitude in your hearts to the Lord."—Col. iii. 16. And the Apostle James to the dispersed disciples said, "Is any one cheerful? let him sing praise."—James v. 13.

It may be remarked here, that Josephus uses the terms "Hymns" and "Songs" in reference to the Psalms of David. (Antiq. vii. 12, 3.) Our information respecting the Hymnology of the Christians who lived immediately subsequent to the Apostolic Age is very scanty. The most distinct notice we possess of it is that contained in Pliny's celebrated epistle, (Ep. x. 97,) where he says of them, "They sing a Hymn to Christ as God."

What the Apostle referred to, under the terms psalms, hymns and spiritual songs has often been enquired into. An answer is thus given:

"*Psalms* are historic compositions, or poetic narratives.

"*Hymns* are songs of praise, in which the excellencies, glories and gracious acts of some persons are extolled.

"*Spiritual Songs* are either songs, the matter of which was immediately suggested by the Holy Spirit, or sentimental songs, composed on the Divine communications to men."

"*Spiritual Songs* embrace a wider range of subjects than both the former; for such songs as are of a *mixed nature*, partly Psalms and partly Hymns, may be ranked among those which are properly called *Spiritual Songs*. Hymns directly address God in praise; Psalms and *Spiritual Songs* indirectly praise Him, and are sometimes specially designed for the edification of men." If our object is solely to praise God we sing Hymns, if also to edify men we sing Psalms or *Spiritual Songs*—as best adapted to the end in view.

It is a peculiar circumstance, that we have not in the Christian Scriptures any of the Psalms, Hymns, or *Spiritual Songs*, which were sung by the Christians of the Apostolic Age. This has probably arisen from the fact that those songs suggested by the Holy Spirit contained similar ideas to those communicated to us in the writings of the Apostles and sacred historians; and as there are usually poets enough to put into metrical language the thoughts revealed by the Holy Spirit, it was left to them to supply this need, as to others who have the capacity, the duty of adapting the proper kind of tunes. The only rule by which compilers of a Hymn Book can be properly guided is, to select those compositions of the highest order of poetic excellence, combined with the most thorough and accurate scriptural sentiment. This rule, the compilers aimed to follow in the compilation of the present volume; and they submit the result to the candid judgment of all who "love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."—Eph. vi. 24.

Of the attitude which the first Disciples maintained in singing, we are not informed. We do find, however, that individuals sang, and may sing; as would appear from the direction of James, chap. v. 13, and from the case of Paul and Silas—Acts xvi. 25; and congregations when they "come together" into "one place," are instructed to sing, as we find in the Epistles to the brethren in Corinth, Ephesus and Colosse. Whether they sat, stood or

PREFACE.

knelt is not stated; the Jews appear to have stood in singing—1 Chron. xxiii. 30; Neh. ix. 5; and in the Apostolic vision an innumerable multitude are represented as “standing before the throne and before the Lamb” to present their praises.—Rev. vii. 9.

The accompaniments to singing, such as the cornets, trumpets, cymbals, psalteries, harps and dances, which were used by the Jews, were not introduced or sanctioned amongst the first Christians; and if not then, they are certainly now unauthorized, to say the least; and the introduction into churches of a modern instrument, such as an organ, a melodeon or a violin, or other instrument; or of dancing, does not improve the matter, notwithstanding some of these instruments and also dances have become, in the minds of some persons, sacredly associated with the worship of God.

The system of “Choir” singing, in which a few persons—Christians or not—represent the congregation in praising God, is no less unauthorized or unscriptural, and such a practice is only another mode of being “conformed to this world,” and is as strongly to be rejected as instrumental music or dancing in connection with the worship of the ever living and true God, under the government of Christ.

The worship of God is a reasonable service, to be engaged in by rational beings—by all Christians—in a decent and orderly manner, and according to the instructions of Christ “in spirit and truth”—John iv. 23—and as singing is no unimportant part of that worship; Christians should, as a “royal priesthood”—1 Pet. ii, 9—follow the injunctions of the Apostle, “I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your *bodies a living sacrifice* holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. And *be not conformed to this age*, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that you may *learn what the will of God is*; the good and the acceptable and the perfect”—Rom. xii. 1, 2,—and offer up, through Jesus Christ, “*the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is THE FRUIT OF OUR LIPS, giving thanks to his name.*”—Heb. xiii. 15.

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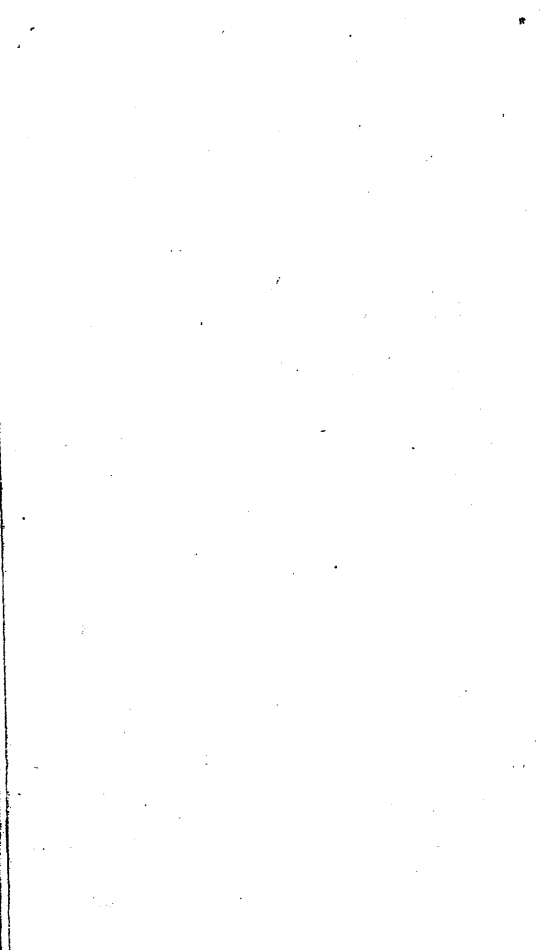
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PSALMS.

The Birth of Christ.

G's, S's.

O WHAT a blessed morn
That brought the news from heav'n
To us a child is born,
To us a son is giv'n!

The sweetest news that ever came,
We'll sing, though all the world should
blame.

The long expected morn
Has dawned upon the earth :
The Saviour Christ is born
And angels sing his birth :
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

O 'tis a lofty theme,
Supplied by angels' tongues !
All other subjects seem
Unworthy of our songs.
This sacred theme has boundless charms,
It fills, it captivates, it warms.

Now sing of peace divine,
Sing of good will to man ;
No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
Could form the gracious plan ;
Could find a way to save the lost,
And thou remain as ever just.

Give praise to God on high,
 With angels round his throne ;
 Give praise to God with joy ;
 Give praise to God alone ;
 'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise
 And give the Saviour endless praise.

P. M.

HAIL the blest morn ! when the great Mediator
 Down from the regions of glory descends !
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger ;
 Lo ! for your guide the bright angel attends ;

CHORUS.

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thy aid :
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !*

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall !
 Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine ;
 Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer earth's richest oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure :
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor !

CHORUS.

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thy aid
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !*

P. M.

FROM the regions of love, lo ! an angel descended,
 And told the strange news how the babe was at-
 tended ! —
 Go, shepherds, and visit the wonderful stranger ;
 See yonder bright star ! there's your Lord in a
 manger.

CHORDS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb who has bled for our pardon,
 We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan !*

Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation !
 Glad tidings of joy—now behold your salvation ;
 Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,
 And shout hallelujahs, while heaven rejoices !

Now glory to God in the highest be giv'n,
 All glory to God is re-echoed from heav'n ;
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.

O Jesus ! ride on, thy kingdom is glorious :
 O'er sin, death, and hell, thou'lt make us vic-
 torious !
 Thy banner unfurl—let the nations surrender,
 And own thee their Saviour, their Lord and De-
 fender !

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

C. M.

WHILE humble shepherds watch'd their flocks
 In Bethle'm's fields by night,
 An angel sent from heaven appear'd,
 And fill'd the fields with light.

"Fear not," he said, (for great alarm
 Had seized their troubled mind,)
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign ;

"The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God ; and thus
Addressed their joyful song.—

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace !
Good-will abounds to men below,
That never more shall cease.

C. M.

Mortals ! awake, with angels join,
And chant the cheerful lay ;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre.

The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue ;
Swift through the realms of light it flew
And loud the echo rung.

Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song,
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heavenly throng.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die!"

Hail, Prince of life! forever hail!
Redeemer—brother—friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

L. M.

BEHOLD the woman's promised seed
Behold the great Messiah's come
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

Abra'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.

The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design and ceas'd—
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

Predictions in abundance join
To pour their witness on his head :
Jesus, we bow before thy throne,
And own thee as the promis'd seed.

C. M.

HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour's come!
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song.

On Him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest shades of night
To clear the inward sight,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial light.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And from the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name,

7's.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
Men to God are reconcil'd.

Joyful, all you nations, rise,
Join the triumph in the skies,
With the heavenly host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hail! thou heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hail! thou son of righteousness,
Ris'n with healing in thy wings,
Life and light thy rising brings.

C. M.

Joy to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Though thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

S's. & 7's.

HARK ! what joyful notes are swelling
 On the quiet midnight air !
 'Tis the voice of angels telling
 Jesus comes our sins to bear !
 Now, the music, in its gladness,
 Breaks, and swells, and glides along :
 Now earth, waking from her sadness,
 Joins the chorus of the song !
 Glory in the highest heaven !
 Peace on earth, good will to man !
 Let all praise to God be given,
 For Redemption's glorious plan !

See all darkness disappearing,
 As the Star begins to rise !
 Sin and Death stand, trembling, fearing
 As the light falls on their eyes ;
 Now, again, the earth rejoices,
 Satan's powerful kingdom shakes,
 As, from all the heavenly voices,
 Louder still, the chorus breaks !—
 Glory in the highest heaven ! etc.

Rise and shine, Star of salvation !
 Spread thy beams o'er all the earth,
 Till each distant land and nation
 Owns and speaks thy matchless worth !
 Till all tongues, thy praises singing,
 Shall thy mighty wonders tell,
 Till all heav'n with joy is ringing,
 As our hearts the chorus swell :—
 Glory in the highest heaven ! etc.

When our days on earth are ended,
 And we rise to heav'n above,
 Then our songs shall all be blended
 In one song of pard'ning love !
 Then we'll tell the wondrous story,
 And our blessed Lord adore !
 In our home of bliss and glory,
 We shall sing for evermore !—
 Glory in the highest heaven ! etc.

8's. & 7's.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Hear them tell the wondrous story,
 Hear them chant in hymns of joy—
 "Glory to the highest ! glory !
 Glory be to God most high !

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found ;
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven !"
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

"Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing !
 O receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest and King

"Haste, ye mortals, to adore him ;
 Learn his name, and taste his joy ;
 Till in heaven you sing before him—
 'Glory be to God most high.'"

7's, 6's.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression ;
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

To him shall pray'r unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end ;

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever :
That name to us is—Love.

L. M.

WHEN Jordan hushed its waters still,
And silence reigned on Zion's hill, [night,
When Bethle'm's shepherds through the
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—

Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Glad accents o'er the raptured soul.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came,
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung :

O Zion, lift thy waiting eye ;
The long expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again ;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;
Behold, she binds with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes to cheer the trembling heart ;
Bids Satan and his host depart,
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom

C. M.

THE race that long in darkness pined!
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is giv'n!
Him shall the tribes of earth obey—
Him, all the hosts of heav'n.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore ador'd,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power, increasing, still shall spread—
His reign no end shall know—
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

L. M.

BEHOLD the well of life appears,
Sought for by men four thousand years!
Tell all mankind—let ev'ry gale
Bear round the earth the pleasing tale.

Bid each diseased soul come here;
You lame, you blind, you sick, draw near!
Behold, this true medic'nal stream
Heals maladies of every name!

This stream shall all our wants supply;
 Impoverish'd souls, why should you die?
 The Spirit says, "Whoever will,
 May hither come and drink his fill."

You thirsty souls, no more complain;
 Our God has smote the rock again;
 At Calvary the stream ran down
 From the pierc'd side of God's own Son!

While through life's barren waste we stray
 This stream shall follow all the way!
 Sweet flow'rs shall spring where'er it flows,
 And deserts blossom as the rose!

What though the desert's heat annoy,
 These waters still renew our joy;
 And while we drink this cheering spring,
 Upon its bank we sit and sing.

John's Immersion.

C. M.

Upon the banks of Jordan stood
 The great reformer John,
 And pointed to the Lamb of God,
 The long expected one.

He loud proclaimed the coming reign,
 And told them to reform,
 If they God's favor would obtain,
 And shun the gath'ring storm.

He bade all those who did repent,
 Forthwith to be immersed,
 Assuring them that God had sent
 The message he re-ears'd.

Forsake your sins, the Herald said,
That you may be forgiv'n;
Forsake them now, and be immers'd,
For near's the Reign of heav'n.

Thus did the man of God prepare
A people for the Lord;
To him did all the Jews repair,
Who trusted in his word.

But now the reign of God has come,
That reign of grace below,
And Jesus sits upon God's throne,
Remission to bestow.

He bids all nations look to him,
As Prince of Life and Peace;
And offers pardon to all them
Who now accept his grace.

6 lines 8.

In Jordan's tide the Herald stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave!

But, lo! from yonder op'ning skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like the Holy Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head:
Amaz'd they see the power divine
Around the Saviour's temples shine.

Then does the Father loud proclaim,
In audience of the wond'ring crowd ;
Attend, all nations ; hear the name
His Father gave : he spoke aloud :
This is my well-beloved Son !
I see well pleas'd what he has done !

The Transfiguration.

C. M.

On Tabor's top the Saviour stood
With Peter, James, and John ;
And as He to his Father prayed
His face with glory shone.

While on his suff'rings he convers'd,
And spoke of griefs to come,
His countenance assum'd a light
Much brighter than the sun.

In dazzling brightness all array'd
Jesus transfigur'd stands,
From heav'n descends the man who gave
To Israel God's commands.

Elijah, too, of burning zeal,
Who did that law restore,
Appear'd with Moses on this mount
And talk'd his suff'rings o'er.

Transported with this glorious scene,
The witnesses exclaim,
'Tis good, Lord, with such guests to dwell !
Here let us still remain.

Three tents with joyful hands we'll raise
And place them side by side,
For these celestials and for thee,
And here let us abide.

While thus they spoke, a cloud descends
And takes them from their sight ;
But Jesus still remains with them,
The Father's chief delight.

This is my Son, his voice declares,
Hear him in all he says,
Not Moses nor Elijah now
Shall guide you in my ways.

With joy this more illustrious guide
Henceforth we'll glad obey,
'Till we behold the glorious light
Of an eternal day.

Christ's Entry into Jerusalem. L. M.

Awake, O Zion's daughter ! rise ;
Shake off your dust, no more repine ;
Let gladness sparkle in your eyes,
In all your fairest garments shine !

Behold, your King, expected long,
In humble pomp at length appears ;
Amidst yon praising joyful throng
His meek, majestic head he rears.

No fiery steed he rides : he sways
No tinsel rod of earthly reign ;
A colt, ne'er us'd till now, conveys
To you your lowly Prince divine

Here's no vain crowd, no gaudy show ;
 Those taught of Heav'n resound his praise,
 His path the Galileans strow
 With branches of triumphant peace.

The blind and lame, by him reliev'd,
 His saving light and strength proclaim ;
 His foes with shame and spite are griev'd
 To see his works and hear his fame.

Hosanna ! thronging myriads shout,
 Jehovah brings salvation near !
Hosanna ! ev'ry child cries out,
 Behold, the King of Zion's here.

Salvation sing to David's Son !
 All blessings sing to Israel's King !
 His kingdom blessed be alone,
 And bless'd the people of his reign

Christ's Sufferings.

C. M.

DARK was the night, and cold the ground
 On which the Lord was laid ;
 His sweat like drops of blood ran down ;
 In agony he pray'd,—

“ Father, this bitter cup remove,
 If such thy sacred will ;
 If not, I bow to Thee in love,
 Thy pleasure I fulfil.”

Go to the garden, sinner ; see
 Those precious drops that flow ;
 The heavy load he bore for thee ;
 For thee he lies so low.

Then learn of him the cross to bear ;
Thy Father's will obey ;
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

C. M.

And did the holy and the just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust
That guilty man might rise ?

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high ;
Surpassing mercy ! love unknown !
To suffer, bleed, and die.

For sinful man—O wondrous grace :
For sinful man he bled !
Bowed down to death, that all the race
Might unto Him be led.

O Lord ! what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy most precious blood ?
By this are sinners sav'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

L. M.

'Tis midnight ; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;
'Tis midnight ; in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight ; and from all remov'd,
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears ;
E'en that disciple whom he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight ; and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis midnight ; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

L. M.

BEHOLD the blind their sight receive
Behold the dead awake and live !
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name !

Thus doth the Holy Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

He dies : the heav'ns in mourning stood ;
He rises by the power of God :
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die !

Hence and for éver from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

6's, 5's.

NIGHT with ebon pinion,
Brooded o'er the vale ;
All around was silent,
Save the night-wind's wail.

When Christ the man of sorrows,
In tears, and sweat, and blood
Prostrate in the garden,
Raised his voice to God.

Smitten for offences
Which were not his own,
He, for our transgressions,
Had to weep alone.

No friend with words to comfort,
Nor hand to help, was there
When the meek and lowly.
Humbly bowed in prayer.

Abba, Father, Father !
If indeed it may,
Let this cup of anguish,
Pass from me I pray.

Yet, if it must be suffered,
By me, thine only Son,
Abba, Father, Father,
Let thy will be done.

C. M.

We sing the Saviour's wondrous death—
He conquer'd when he fell :
'Tis finished, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

'Tis finished, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done ;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
Which shall outlast the sun.

His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
His praises to record ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To your victorious Lord.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise !

L. M.

HE dies, the friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus the dead revives again !

The rising Lord forsakes the tomb !
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise !)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !

Break off your tears, you saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains

Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

S's, 7's, 4's.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 It is finished!
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

It is finished! O what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford!
 Heav'nly pleasure, without measure
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord;
 It is finished!
 Saints, the dying words record.

Finish'd all the types and shadows
 Of the once unfinished law!
 Finish'd all that God had promis'd,
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
 It is finished!
 Saints, from this your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, you seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

L. M.

'Twas on that night when doom'd to know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread ;

And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his foll'wers spoke :

My broken body thus I give
To you, my friends ; take, eat, and live :
And oft the sacred feast renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.

Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd ;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.

My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies ;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

This cup is fraught with love to men
Let all partake who love my name ;
Through latest ages let it pour
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

L. M.

'Twas on that night, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against God's Son, his chief delight,
And he betray'd was to his foes.

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed and broke ;
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spoke !

This is my body broke for sin :
Receive, and eat the living food :
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine—
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

Do this, he said, till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

Jesus, thy love we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

L. M.

Now let our mournful songs record
The sorrows of our dying Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
As one forsaken by his God.

The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laughed in scorn ;
" He rescu'd others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save."

" This is the man did once pretend
God was his Father and his friend ;
If God the blessed lov'd him so,
Why does he fail to help him now ?

O! savage people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like raging beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power!

They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

But God his Father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me.

Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

'Tis finished! now the ransom's paid,
Receive my soul! he cries:
See—how he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

But soon from death he'll rise again,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain—
Was ever love like thine?

Resurrection of Christ.**7's.**

MORNING breaks upon the tomb ;
 Jesus scatters all its gloom ;
 Day of triumph ! through the skies
 See the glorious Saviour rise.

Ye who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scatter'd shade ;
 Drive your anxious cares away ;
 See the place where Jesus lay.

Christian, dry your flowing tears ;
 Chase your unbelieving fears ;
 Look on his deserted grave ;
 Doubt no more his power to save.

L. M.

WHEN we the sacred grave survey,
 In which the Saviour deigned to lie,
 We see fulfill'd what prophets say,
 And all the pow'r of death defy.

This empty tomb shall now proclaim
 How weak the bands of conquer'd death
 Sure pledge that all who trust his name
 Shall rise and draw immortal breath.

Our Saviour freed declares us free,
 For whose offences he was seized :
 In his release our own we see,
 And joy to see Jehovah pleas'd.

Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
 Unseals his eyes to sleep no more ;
 And ever lives the cause to plead,
 For which the pains of death he bore.

Then though in dust we lay our head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
Our flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave !

S's.

THE angels that watch'd round the tomb
Where low the Redeemer was laid,
When deep in mortality's gloom
He hid for a season his head ;

That veil'd their fair face while he slept,
And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ,
Have witness'd his rising, and swept
The chords with the triumphs of joy.

You saints, who once languish'd below,
But long since have enter'd your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast.

Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heartstrings shall
break,
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek.

No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave,
The sunbeam of life as it sets
Leaves a halo of peace on the grave.

7's.

CHRIST *the Lord is risen to-day !*
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, you heav'ns, and earth reply !

Love's redeeming work is done—
Fought the fight—the battle won—
Lo ! the Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ has burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids his rise ;
Christ has open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious king !
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died, our souls to save—
Where's thy vict'ry boasting grave !

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Foll'wing our exalted head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall,
Better life we now receive—
In our heavenly Adam live.

Hail, thou Lord of earth and heav'n ;
Praise to thee by both are giv'n ;
Thee we greet, triumphant now—
Hail ! the resurrection Thou.

C. M.

THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was wav'd,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept,
Was from the dead receiv'd.

This is the day the Spirit came
With us on earth to stay—
A comforter to fill our hearts
With joys that ne'er decay

His comforts are the earnest sure
Of that same heav'nly rest
Which Jesus enter'd on, when he
Was made for ever blest.

This day the Church of Christ began
Form'd by his wondrous grace ;
This day the saints in concord meet,
To join in prayer and praise.

To nourish faith, and hope, and love,
His death they do show forth,
His resurrection they record,
And glory in his worth.

This joyful day let us observe ;
Redemption's work is done ;
The Jewish Sabbaths are no more
The earthly rest is gone.

To heaven's rest we'll follow Him,
(His death has pav'd the way,)
And there in nobler anthems sing
The glad redemption day.

6's, 4's.

YES, the Redeemer rose :
 The Saviour left the dead,
 And o'er his hellish foes
 High raised his conqu'ring head :
 In wild dismay,
 The guards around
 Fall to the ground,
 And sink away.

Lo! the angelic bands,
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet.
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way
 From realms of day
 To Jesus' tomb.

Then back to heav'n they fly,
 The joyful news to bear ;
 Hark ! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air :
 Their anthems say,
Jesus who bled
Has left the dead—
He rose to-day.

Ye mortals catch the sound,
 Redeem'd by him from hell,
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell:
 Transported cry,
Jesus who bled
Has left the dead
No more to die.

All hail ! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'd us by thy blood ;
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou reigning son of God !
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And Crowns we'll gain
In Paradise.

C. M.

THE Saviour ris'n to-day we praise
In concert with the blest ;
For now we see his work complete,
And entrance into rest.

On this first day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By the Creating Word, than when
The universe was made.

He rises who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme :
'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
'Twas greater to redeem.

How vain the stone, the watch, the seal !
Naught can forbid his rise :
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

Let us his righteousness disclose ;
His death and rising show ;
Till he return to banish woes,
And bless his saints below.

S's.

BEHOLD, the bright morning appears,
 And Jesus revives from the grave;
 His rising removes all our fears,
 And shews him almighty to save.

How strong were his tears and his cries,
 The worth of his blood how divine!
 How perfect is his sacrifice,
 Who rose, though he suffered for sin.

The man who was crowned with thorns,
 The man who on Calvary died,
 The man who bore scourging and scorns,
 Whom sinners agreed to deride.

Now blessed forever is made,
 And life has rewarded his pain:
 Now glory has crowned his head;
 Heav'n sings of the Lamb who was slain.

Believing, we share in his joy;
 By faith we partake in his rest;
 With this we can cheerfully die,
 For with him we hope to be blest

We wait for his coming again,
 To raise us to glory and fame;
 This glory his saints shall obtain,
 His foes shall be clothed with shame.

S. M.

"THE Lord is ris'n indeed;"
 He lives to die no more;
 He lives the sinner's cause to plead
 Whose curse and shame he bore.

"The Lord is ris'n indeed ;"
The grave has lost its prey ;
With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

"The Lord is ris'n indeed ;"
Attending angels, hear ;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord ;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our ris'n Lord.

7's.

ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey :
See he rises from the tomb—
Rises with immortal bloom.

'Tis the Saviour ; seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise,
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes ;
Now to glory see him rise ;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

I raise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres ;
Praise him in your noblest songs ;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

H. M.

THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, who was dead

Who now accuseth them,
For whom their ransom died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
By him our vict'ry won:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, who was dead

H. M.

AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confin'd :
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And he amid their shouts ascends.

All hail, triumphant Lord ;
Heaven with hosannas rings ;
While earth in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings :
" Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign."

Gird on, great Prince, thy sword ;
Ascend thy conq'ring car ;
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war :
Victorious, thou thy foes shall tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

C. M.

BLEST morn, whose early dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God ;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

A silent pris'ner in the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force
 To hold our Lord in vain :
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.

To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
 We sacred honors pay ;
 And loud hosannas shall proclaim
 The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King ;
 Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
 With glad hosannas ring.

L. M.

HOSANNA ! let us join to sing.
 The glories of our rising King ;
 Recount his deeds of might, and tell
 How Jesus triumph'd when he fell.

Soon as the morning's early ray
 Brings on the third, th' appointed day,
 Behold the angels cleave the skies,
 Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.

With strength immortal forth he comes,
 And pow'r and life from God resumes ;
 The days of pain and sorrow past,
 His triumph shall for ever last.

Hosanna ! sons of men, record
 The glories of your rising Lord ;
 The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
 Who died, and conquer'd when he fell.

L. M.

Now for a song of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's only Son ;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above:
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love !

Deep in the shades of gloomy death;
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay ;—
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the Lord, exalted reigns :
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

7's.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn ;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she ling'ring stood,
Fill'd with sorrow and surprise.
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came her drooping heart to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved :

Though at first she knew him not ;
 When he call'd her by her name
 She her heavy griefs forgot,
 For she found him still the same.

And her sorrows quickly fled,
 When she heard his welcome voice ;
 Christ had risen from the dead,
 Now he bids her heart rejoice :
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day :
 You who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

Ascension of Christ.

L. M.

Our Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;
 Lift up your heads, you heav'nly gates !
 You everlasting doors, give way !

Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
 He claims those mansions as his right—
 Receive the King of glory in !

“ Who is the King of glory ?—Who ? ”
 The Lord, who all his foes o'ercame ;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the conq'rour's name.

Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, you heav'nly gates !
 You everlasting doors, give way !

“ Who is the King of glory ?—Who ? ”
 The Lord, of boundless might possess'd,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 Lord over all, for ever blest

C. M.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
 To Christ the sov'reign king !
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus, our Lord, ascends on high ;
 His heav'nly guards around
 Attend him rising through the sky,
 With trumpet's joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains ;
 Let all the earth his honors sing ;
 O'er all the earth he reigns.

Speak forth his praise with awe profound ;
 Let knowledge guide the song ;
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.

C. M.

LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
 Unfold, to entertain
 The King of glory ;—see, he comes
 With his celestial train.

"Who is this King of glory?—Who?"
The Lord, for strength renown'd :
In battle mighty,—o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory ;—see, he comes
With all his shining train.

"Who is the King of glory?—Who?"
The Lord of hosts renown'd ;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

L. M.

LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there ;
While he pronounc'd his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,
When all the rebel pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made
Were all in chains, like captives, led

Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

C. M.

BEYOND the glitt'ring starry sky,
Which God's right hand sustains,
There, in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer reigns.

Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine
At his right hand, with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.

Hail, Prince! they cry, for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit these blissful realms
And royalties above!

While from the sons of men on earth
He suffer'd rude disdain,
They threw their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

Through all his travels here below
They did his steps attend;
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at length
This scene of love would end.

They heard him in the garden groan,
And saw his sweat of blood;
They saw his pierced hands and feet
Nail'd to the cursed wood.

They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before,
And rise in conq'ring majesty
To stoop to death no more.

They brought his chariot from above
 To bear him to his throne ;
 And with a shout exulting cried,
The glorious work is done !

H. M.

O you immortal throng
 Of angels round the throne !
 Join with our feeble song
 To make the Saviour **known** ;
 On earth you knew his wondrous **grace** ;
 In heav'n you view his beauteous **face**.

You saw the heav'nly child
 In human flesh array'd,
 All innocent and mild,
 While in a manger laid ;
 And praise to God, and peace on earth,
 Proclaim'd aloud, for such a **birth**.

You in the wilderness
 Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
 Well known in ev'ry dress,
 In ev'ry combat foil'd :
 And joy'd to crown the Victor's head,
 Before his frown when Satan fled.

Around the bloody tree
 You press'd with strong desire,
 That wondrous sight to see—
 The Lord of life expire !
 And could your eyes have known a **tear**,
 In sad surprise had dropp'd it there.

Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch you keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep ;
Then roll'd the stone, and all ador'd
With joy unknown, our rising Lord.

When, all array'd in light,
The shining Conq'ror rode,
You hail'd his rapt'rous flight
Up to the throne of God ;
Your golden wings you waved around
And struck your strings of sweetest sound.

The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise,
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise.
And you, my heart, with equal flame,
Perform your part with joy the same.

C. M.

TRIUMPHANT, Christ ascends on high,
The glorious work complete ;
Sin, death, and hell, now vanquished lie,
Beneath the victor's feet.

There, with eternal glory crowned,
The Lord, the Conq'ror reigns ;
His praise the heavenly choirs resound,
In their immortal strains.

Amid the splendors of his throne,
Unchanging love appears ;
The names he purchased for his own
Still on his heart he bears.

O, the rich depths of love divine !
 Of bliss a boundless store :
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
 I can not wish for more.

On thee alone, my hope relies ;
 Beneath thy cross I fall.
 My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my All.

**Descent of the Holy Spirit,
 L. M.**

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the belov'd disciples met ;
 And on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

What gifts, what miracles he gave !
 The power to kill, the power to save,
 Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous
 words,
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
 From East to West, from South to North :
*Go, and assert your Saviour's cause—
 Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross !*

These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low !

The Greeks and Jews, the learn'd and rude,
 Are by these heav'nly arms subdued ;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross,

Reign of Christ.

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound ! Where'er he reigns
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
All grateful honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud *Amen* !

7's.

BRIGHT and joyful was the morn
When to us a child was born ;
From the highest realms of heav'n
Unto us a Son was given.

On his shoulder he shall bear
 Pow'r and majesty—and wear
 On his vesture and his thigh
 Names most awful—names most high.

Wonderful in counsel he,
 Christ th' incarnate Deity,
 Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
 King of kings, and Prince of peace.

Come and worship at his feet,
 Yield to him the homage meet ;
 From his manger to his throne,
 Homage due to God alone.

L. M.,

The Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
 O earth, and all ye heav'ns, rejoice !
 From world to world the joy shall ring,
 The Lord omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King ! who then, shall dare
 Resist his will, distrust his care,
 Or murmur at his wise decrees,
 Or doubt *His royal promises* ?

*The Lord is King ! child of the dust,
 The Judge of all the earth is just ;
 Holy and true are all His ways,
 Let ev'ry creature speak His praise.*

One Lord, one empire, all secures ;
 He reigns, and life and death are yours ;
 Through earth and Heav'n one song shall
 ring,
 The Lord omnipotent is King

H Y M N S.

Crowning and Glory of Christ.

C. M.

To Him that lov'd the sons of men,
And wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honors rais'd our heads,
And made us priests to God.

To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love ;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes !
His saints shall bless the day ;
While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn,
In anguish and dismay.

Thou art the First, and thou the Last ;
Time centres all in Thee ;
Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And evermore shalt be.

L. M.

Sanctus to the Prince of Life and Peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell !
The spacious world unseen is his,
The sov'reign power becomes him well.

In shame and torment once he died ;
But now he lives for evermore ;
Bow down, you saints, around his seat,
And all you angel bands, adore.

Live, live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes and guard thy friends,
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice
That thy dominion never ends.

Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love ;
Worthy to rule our mortal lives,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

When death thy servants shall invade,
When pow'rs of hell thy church annoy,
Controll'd by thee, their rage shall aid
The cause they labour to destroy.

For ever reign, victorious King !
Wide through the earth thy name be
known ;
And call our longing souls to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

You chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And Crown him Lord of all.

Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
 Who feel your sin and thrall,
 Now join with all the hosts above,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall !
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

C. M. D.

CHRISTIANS, keep your armor bright,
 Rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
 In union strong together fight ;
 Hosanna to our King !
 Come, laud and magnify his name,
 Nor let his praises cease ;
 His ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all his paths are peace.

CHORUS.

*O it will be glorious,
 With crowns and palms victorious,
 And Jesus reigning over us,
 When our sad warfare's o'er.* C 2

We will not act the coward's part,
But onward all proceed ;
Our Captain shall his grace impart
In ev'ry time of need.
Great peace have they who love his cause,
And on his word rely ;
From such as keep his holy laws
The enemy will fly.

The world and sin may grieve us sore,
And rouse our weakest fears ;
Our march is but a few days more
Through this dark vale of tears.
Death may assail, and Satan too,
With his opposing pow'rs ;
But let us prove our valor true,
The victory is ours.

L. M.

JESUS, we hail thee Israel's King,
And now to thee our tribute bring ;
Nor do we fear to bow to thee—
They worship God who worship thee.

Hail, Israel's King, enthron'd in light !
Whose glory never shone more bright,
Than when (by treach'rous friends betray'd)
Thy foes insulting homage paid.

Then did admiring angels see
Divine forbearance, Lord, in thee ;
With emphasis pronounce thee good,
And heav'n and earth con-trasted stood

An object of contempt beneath,
 And judg'd by men to suffer death,
 By angels own'd, admir'd, ador'd,
 The great, the everlasting Lord.

Reign, mighty King, for ever reign!
 Thy cause throughout the world maintain;
 Let Israel's King his triumphs spread,
 And crowns of glory wreath his head!

L. M.

KING JESUS, reign for evermore,
 Unrivall'd in thy courts above;
 While we, with all thy saints, adore
 The wonders of redeeming love.

No other Lord but thee we'll know,
 No other power but thine confess;
 We'll spread thine honors while below,
 And heav'n shall hear us shout thy grace.

We'll sing along the heav'nly road
 That leads us to thy blest abode;
 Till with the vast unnumber'd throng
 We join in heav'n's triumphant song—
 Till with pure hands and voices sweet,
 We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet
 And sing of everlasting love
 In never-ending strains above.

C. M.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
 Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
 Thy uncreated beauties shine
 With never-fading rays.

Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet ;
To thee their prayers and praise ascend
In thee their wishes meet.

Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around ;
Sweetly the sacred odors spread,
And purest joys abound.

Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

Thou art their triumph and their joy :
They find their all in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

C. M.

Come, you that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine ;
And tell the wond'ring nations round
How bright these glories shine.

Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays ;
You that have seen his lovely face,
Can you forbear his praise ?

When in the earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate our strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
O happy period! glorious day!
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay
To celebrate thy praise.

L. M.

EXALTED Prince of Life, we own
The royal honors of thy throne;
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.
Exalted Saviour, we confess
The mighty triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.
Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey;
Wide let thy cross its virtues prove
And conquer millions by its love!

P. M.

REJOICE, O Earth! the Lord is King!
To him your humble tribute bring;
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory!

O may the saints of ev'ry name
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb!
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory!

O may the distant lands rejoice,
And sinners hear the Bridegroom's voice,
While praise their happy tongues employs
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory!

A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more suff'ring scenes below,
And then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And give to Jesus glory!

Then we shall part and weep no more,
When we have met on Canaan's shore,
For Zion's warfare now is o'er;
Such shouts were never heard before,
And there we'll give him glory;

Then tears shall all be wip'd away,
And Christians never go astray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay,
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory!

L. M.

SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
Through distant lands his triumphs
spread,
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.

He calls his chosen from afar,
 They all at Zion's gate arrive ;
 Those who were dead in sin before,
 By reigning grace are made alive.

Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
 Nations remote their off'rings bring,
 And unconstrain'd their homage pay,
 To their exalted God and King.

O, may his holy church increase,
 His word and spirit still prevail ;
 While angels celebrate his praise,
 And saints his growing glories hail !

Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 From all below and all above ;
 In lofty songs exalt his name,
 In songs as lasting as his love.

7's.

JESUS, once for sinners slain,
 From the dead was rais'd again !
 And in heav'n is now sat down
 With his Father on his throne.

There he reigns, a King supreme ;
 We shall also reign with him ;
 Feeble souls, be not dismay'd ;
 Trust in his almighty aid.

He hath made an end of sin ;
 And his blood has wash'd us clean ;
 Fear not ; he is ever near ;
 Now, e'en now, he's with us here.

Thus assembling, we, by faith,
Till he come, show forth his death
Of his flesh this loaf's the sign,
And we view his blood in wine.

Saints on earth, with saints above,
Celebrate his dying love :
And let every ransom'd soul
Sound his praise from pole to pole.

11's.

COME, children of Zion and help us to sing
Loud anthems of praises to Jesus our King,
Whose life once was given our souls to redeem,
And bring us to heaven to dwell there with him.

Not angels in glory, nor seraphs above
Can fathom the ocean of infinite love :
Their wisdom can't reach it ; they cannot tell why
The Sov'reign of angels for sinners should die.

In regions of darkness, death, sorrow and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison and chains ;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood,
The ransom provided to bring us to God.

O, why should we linger in regions below,
When rivers of pleasure in Paradise flow ?
So sweetly they glide through the regions above,
And stream ever fresh from the fountain of love.

Come, then, my dear brethren, count all things but
loss ;
Your treasure's in heaven—don't shrink from the
cross ;
Ye fav'rites of heaven, dear lambs of the fold,
Though demons surround you, be faithful and bold.

Consider the dangers that lie in your way,
 What snares and temptations in this evil day;
 All this you must suffer, and patient endure
 Till Jesus shall take us where suff'rings are o'er.

Then with him in glory we ever shall reign,
 Deliver'd from sorrow, temptation and pain,
 To join with the angels, and spirits divine,
 In Jesus' own image eternally shine.

S. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 Let all the nations fear;
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,
 And saints be humble there.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
 Let earth adore its Lord;
 Bright cherubs his attendants wait,
 Swift to fulfil his word.

In Zion stands his throne;
 His honors are divine;
 His church shall make his wonders known,
 For there his glories shine.

How holy is his name!
 How fearful is his praise!
 Justice and truth, and judgment join,
 In all the works of grace.

C. M.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
 My love, my hope, my trust;
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honor is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast :
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

S's.

THIS Lord is the Lord we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

C. M.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit :
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

What wonders shall thy gospel do !
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy saving grace.

Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives
To plead for us above ;
Jesus, our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love

God shall exalt his glorious head,
 And his high throne maintain;
 Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
 Who dare oppose his reign.

8's & 7's.

CROWN his head with endless blessing
 Who, in God the Father's name,
 With compassion never ceasing,
 Comes, salvation to proclaim.

Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee,—
 Thee, our Saviour,—thee, our God;
 From thy throne let beams of glory
 Shine through all the world abroad.

Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
 Thee our God in praise we own;
 Highest honors, never failing,
 Rise eternal round thy throne.

Now, ye saints, his pow'r confessing,
 In your grateful strains adore;
 For his mercy, never ceasing,
 Flows, and flows for evermore.

8's, 7's, 4's.

Look, ye saints :—the sight is glorious;—
 See the man of sorrows now;
 From the fight return'd victorious,
 Every knee to him shall bow:
 Crown him, crown him;
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him :
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of pow'r enthrone him,
While the heav'nly concave rings ;
Crown him, crown him ;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Sinners in derision crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim :
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name :
Crown him, crown him ;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
Hark ! those loud, triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station ;
O, what joy the sight affords !
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings and Lord of lords.

C. M.

HAIL; mighty Jesus ! how divine
Is thy victorious sword !
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

How deep the wounds thine arrows give !
They pierce the hardest heart ;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds the smart.

Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh ;
Ride with majestic sway ;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

And, when thy vict'ries are complete,—
 When all the chosen race
 Shall round the throne of glory meet,
 To sing thy conq'ring grace,—

O, may my humble soul be found
 Among that glorious throng :
 And I with them thy praise will sound
 In heav'n's immortal song.

7's.

GLORY, glory to our King !
 Crowns unfading wreath his head
 Jesus is the name we sing—
 Jesus risen from the dead ;
 Jesus, Victor of the grave ;
 Jesus, mighty now to save.

Now behold him high entron'd,
 Glory beaming from his face,
 By adoring angels own'd,
 God of holiness and grace :
 O for hearts and tongues to sing,
 Glory, glory to our King !

Jesus, on thy people shine ;
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
 'That with angels we may join,—
 Share their bliss, and swell their songs ;
 Glory, honor, praise, and power,
 Lord, be thine for ever.

S's, 7's, 4's.

GLORY, glory, everlasting,
 Be to Him who bore the **cross**,
 Who redeem'd our souls by **tasting**
 Death, the death deserv'd by us:
 Sound his glory
 While our heart with transport glows.

Jesus' love is love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end;
 Human thought is here confounded;
 'Tis too vast to comprehend;
 Praise the Saviour;
 Magnify the sinner's Friend.

While we hear the wondrous story
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we, "Everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb!"
 Saints and angels,
 Give ye glory to his name

L. M.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring
 To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
 When all the notes that angels sing
 Are far inferior to thy name?

Worthy is he that once was slain,
 The Prince of Life, that groan'd and died,
 Worthy to rise, and live and reign
 At his almighty Father's side.

Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around his head,
He wears a crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched man !
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, " Amen."

S's & 7's.

JESUS, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heav'nly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

There for sinners thou art pleading ;
There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honor, pow'r and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright, angelic spirits ;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

*Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!*

*Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us!*

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all who dwell above the sky,
On earth, in air, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

C. M.

HOSANNA to our conq'ring King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
Through all the world shall run
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

11's.

O JESUS, the giver of all we enjoy,
Our lives to thy honor we wish to employ;
With praises unceasing we'll sing of thy name!
Thy goodness increasing, thy love we'll proclaim

And when to the regions of glory we rise,
 And join the bright legions that shout through the
 skies,
 We'll tell the glad story of Jesus' kind grace,
 And give him the glory, and honor, and praise.
 In this blest employment our spirits shall rest,
 In sweetest enjoyment on Jesus' own breast,
 We'll drink of the streams of Immanuel's love,
 And bask in the beams of his glory above.

S's & 7's.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love:
 See, he sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth;
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth;
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
 King of glory, reign for ever;
 Thine an everlasting crown:
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own:
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away:
 Then with golden harps we'll sing—
 "Glory, glory to our King."

C. M.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne,
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head !

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

S's, 7's, 4's.

LET us sing the King Messiah,
King of Righteousness and Peace ;
HAIL him, all his happy subjects.
Never let his praises cease !
Ever hail him,
Let his honors still increase !

How transcendent are thy glories !
Fairer than the sons of men,
While thy blessed mediation
Brings us back to God again !
Bless'd Redeemer,
How we triumph in thy reign !

Gird thy sword on, Mighty Hero,
 Make thy word of truth thy car,
 Prosper in thy course triumphant,
 All success attend thy war!

Gracious Victor,
 Let mankind before thee bow!

Bless'd are all that touch thy sceptre,
 Bless'd are all that own thy reign!
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
 Rescued from his galling chain!

Saints and angels,
 All who know thee bless thy name!

6 times S.

THY worthiness is all our song,
 O Lamb of God! for thou wast slain;
 And by thy blood brought'st us to God
 Out of each nation, tribe and tongue;
 To our God mad'st us kings and priests
 And we shall reign upon the earth.

Salvation to our God, who shines
 In face of Jesus on the throne!
 The only just and merciful!
 Salvation to the worthy Lamb,
 With loud voice all the church ascribes,
Amen! say angels round the throne.

To him who lov'd us, and has wash'd
 Us from our sins in his own blood,
 And who has made us kings and priests,
 To his own Father and his God,
 The glory and dominion be
 To him eternally. *Amen!*

C. M.

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High Priest above,
 And celebrate his constant care
 And sympathetic love.

Though rais'd to heav'n's exalted throne,
 Where angels bow around,
 And high o'er all the hosts of light,
 With matchless honors crown'd—

The names of all his saints he bears,
 Deep graven on his heart;
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say
 That he has lost his part.

Those characters shall fair abide,
 Our everlasting trust,
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns
 Have moulder'd down to dust.

So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
 May thy lov'd name be worn,
 A sacred ornament and guard,
 To endless ages borne.

C. M.

Come, let us join in songs of praise
 To our ascended Priest;
 He enter'd heav'n with all our names
 Engraven on his breast.

On earth he wash'd our guilt away
 By his atoning blood;
 And now he sits upon the throne,
 And pleads our cause with God.

What though while here we oft must feel
 Temptation's keenest dart,
 Our tender High Priest feels it too,
 And will appease the smart.

Cloth'd with our nature still, he **knows**
 The weakness of our frame,
 And how to shield us from the foes
 Which he himself o'ercame.

Nor time nor distance e'er shall **quench**
 The fervor of his love;
 For us he died in kindness here,
 Nor is less kind above.

O may we ne'er forget his grace,
 Nor blush to wear his name!
 Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
 Our mouths his praise proclaim!

C. M.

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heav'nly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay
To celebrate thy praise!

C. M.

We bless the Prophet of the Lord
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love
By pleading with our God.

We honor our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.

S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Bears all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.

L. M.

WITH Israel's God who can compare ?
 Or who, like Israel, happy are ?
 O people saved by the Lord,
 He is our shield and great reward !

Upheld by everlasting arms,
 We are secure from foes and harms ;
 In vain their plots, and false their boasts—
 Our refuge is the Lord of hosts !

L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise :
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

S. M.

RAISE your triumphant songs
 To tell of vict'ry won ;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done.

Sing how Eternal Love
 His Chief Beloved chose,
 And bade him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,
 Nor terror clothes his brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.

He shows his Father's love,
To raise our souls on high;
He came with pardons from above
For rebels doom'd to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

Lord, we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

C. M.

O THOU to whom all creatures bow
Upon this earthly frame!
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

Through thee the weak confound the strong,
And crush their haughty foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng
That thee and thine oppose.

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondrous sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light—

What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To them so wondrous kind?

Him next in power thou didst create
 To thy celestial train;
 Ordain'd with dignity and state
 O'er all thy works to reign.

They jointly own his pow'ful sway—
 The beasts that prey or graze,
 The bird that wings its airy way,
 The fish that cuts the seas.

O Thou to whom all creatures bow
 Upon this earthly frame!
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name!

L. M.

No change of time shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been my rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad—
 At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

To thee I will address my pray'r,
 To whom all praise we justly owe;
 So shall I, by thy watchful care,
 Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

L. M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love ;
 Whose mercy firm through ages past
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express
 Not only vast, but numberless !
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise !

Happy are they, and only they,
 Who from thy judgments never stray ;
 Who know what's right ; nor only so,
 But always practise what they know

L. M.

O LORD ! thy mercy, my sure hope,
 Above the heav'nly orbs ascends ;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Beyond the spreading sky extends.

Thy justice like the hills remains ;
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
 Thy providence the world sustains ;
 The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy sheltring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust.

Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
 To banquet on thy love's repast ;
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys that shall for ever last.

With thee the springs of life remain;
 Thy presence is eternal day:
 O let thy saints thy favor gain,
 And upright hearts thy truths display!

L. M.

With glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundation strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne,
 Which shall no change nor period see;
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss their troubled waves on high;
 But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
 And they that in thy house would dwell
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

L. M.

PRAISE you the Lord! Our God to praise,
 My soul her utmost power shall raise;
 With private friends, and in the throng
 Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

His works for greatness though renown'd,
 His wondrous works with ease are found
 By those who seek for them aright,
 And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim ;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

By precepts he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind ;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is the Lord.

C. M.

O PRAISE the Lord! and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his name ;
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

On kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely ;
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help supply.

Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn
And there neglected lie ;
And all their thoughts and vain designs,
Together with them die.

Then happy he who Jacob's God
For his protector takes ;
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

C. M.

THE SAVIOUR! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow;
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd, with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Blest Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

On thee, alone, my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all.

L. M.

LET everlasting glories crown,
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And stor'd the blessings in thy word.
In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon.
With long despair the spirit breathes
Till we apply to Christ alone.

How well thy blessed truths agree !

How wise and holy thy commands !

Thy promises, how firm they be !

How firm our hope and comfort stands !

Should all the forms that men devise

Assault my faith with treacherous art,

I'd call them vanity and lies,

And bind the gospel to my heart.

L. M.

Now be my heart inspir'd to sing

The glories of my Saviour King ;

He comes with blessings from above,

And wins the nations to his love.

Thy throne, O Lord, forever stands ;

Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;

Thy laws and works are just and right,

But truth and mercy thy delight.

Let endless honors crown thy head ;

Let ev'ry age thy praises spread ;

Let all the nations know thy word,

And ev'ry tongue confess thee Lord.

C. M.

The head that once was crown'd with thorns,

Is crown'd with glory now,

A royal diadem adorns

The mighty victor's brow.

The highest place that heav'n affords

Is his, is his—by right,

The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,

And Heav'n's eternal light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of all below,
 To whom he manifests his love,
 And grants his name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace, is given;
 Their name an everlasting name,
 Their joy the joy of Heav'n.

They suffer with their Lord below,
 They reign with him above,
 Their profit and their joy to know,
 The mystery of his love.

The cross he bore is life and health,
 Though shame and death to him;
 His people's hope, His people's wealth,
 Their everlasting theme.

7's.

Crowns of glory ever bright,
 Rest upon the conq'ror's head;
 Crowns of glory are his right,—
 His, "who liveth and was dead."

He subdued the pow'rs of hell,
 In the fight he stood alone:
 All his foes before him fell,
 By his single arm o'erthrown.

His the battle, his the toil;
 His the honors of the day;
 His the glory and the spoil,
 Jesus bears them all away

Now proclaim his deeds afar,
Fill the world with his renown ;
His alone the Victor's car,
His the everlasting crown !

8's & 5.

Sing of Jesus, sing for ever,
Of the love that changes never ;
Nothing ere from him can sever,
Those he makes his own.

With his blood the Lord hath bought them,
When they knew him not he sought them,
And from all their wand'rings brought them,
His the praise alone.

Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of Heav'n he feeds them ;
And through all the way he speeds them,
To their home above.

There they see the Lord who bought them,
Him who came from Heav'n and sought them,
Him who, by His Spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

Sing of Jesus, sing for ever,
Sing the love that changes never ;
Nothing ere from him can sever,
Those he makes his own,

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Creation.

C. M.

THE Book of Nature open lies,
With much instruction stor'd ;
And when the Lord anoints our eyes,
Its pages light afford.

Philosophers have por'd in vain,
And guess'd from age to age ;
For reason's eye could ne'er attain
To understand a page.

Though to each star they give a name,
Its size and motions teach,
The truths which all the stars proclaim
Their wisdom cannot reach,

With skill to measure earth and sea,
And weigh the subtile air,
They cannot, Lord, discover thee,
Though present ev'rywhere.

The knowledge of thy saints excel
The wisdom of the schools ;
To them his secrets God reveals,
Though man account them fools.

To them the sun and stars on high,
The flowers that paint the field,
And all the artless birds that fly,
Divine instruction yield.

The creatures on their senses press,
As witnesses to prove
Their Saviour's power and faithfulness,
His providence and love.

Thus may we study Nature's book,
To make us wise indeed;
And pity those who only look
At what they cannot read.

L. M.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found—

In reasons ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine !

H. M.

You boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your maker's fame ;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame :
You cherubim, your voices raise ;
And, seraphim, shout loud his praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
You glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay :
You heav'ns above, his praise declare,
And clouds that move in liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came :
From changes free, you all shall last
His firm decree stands ever fast.

Let earth her tribute pay ;
Praise him, you dreadful whales,
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales ;
And misty air, fire, hail and snow,
And winds that where he bids them blow.

By hills and mountains, all,
In grateful concert join'd ;
By cedars stately, tall,
And trees for fruit design'd :
By creeping things, and every beast,
And fowl of wings, his name be blest.

Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler name,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim :
Let youths with maids, in this design,
And hoary heads with children join.

United zeal be shown,
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise :
His power obey, earth's utmost ends ;
His glorious sway the sky transcends.

His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favors Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh :
Your grateful voice, O therefore raise,
And still rejoice the Lord to praise.

L. M.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord! the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power.

The birds that rise on soaring wing
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general pæan raise.

And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim ?
No ; let my heart with answering tone
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.

And nature's debt is small to mine ;
Thou bad'st her being bounded be,
But—matchless proof of love divine—
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

C. M.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise ;
Thee all thy creatures sing ; [seas,
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and
And heaven's high palace, ring.

Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And deck'd with sparkling gold.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

Almighty pow'r, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

But still, the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move ;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And here adore his love.

C. M.

THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God ;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid ;
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchless skill was made.

Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.

But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.

C. M.

'T WAS God who fix'd the rolling spheres,
And stretch'd the boundless skies,
Who form'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfined ;
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

He speaks,—all nature's wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round ;
The mountains melt ; each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.

Ye worlds, and ev'ry living thing,
Fulfil his high command ;
Pay grateful homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

L. M.

AWAKE, my tongue ; thy tribute bring,
To Him who gave thee power to sing ;
Praise Him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

How vast his knowledge ! how profound !
A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heav'nly flames.

Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

But in redemption, O, what grace !
Its wonders, O, what thought can trace !
Here, wisdom shines for ever bright ;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

L. M.

Jehovah reigns ; he dwells in light,
Array'd with majesty and might ;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the ever-living God.

For ever shall his throne endure ;
His promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwelling of his grace.

C. M.

Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess ;
Thy goodness we adore ;—
A spring whose blessings never fail :
A sea without a shore.

Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest
In ev'ry golden ray ;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen ;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given ;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heav'n.

L. M.

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;
Bow down before him, and adore.

C. M.

I sing th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eyes,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the skies.

There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

His hand is my perpetual guard :
He keeps me with his eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh.

C. M.

THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

There's not a cloud whose dew's distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found ;
For God is ev'rywhere.

Around, beneath, below, above
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And pow'r with goodness blends.

The Holy Scriptures.**C. M.**

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun !
It gives a light to ev'ry age—
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

C. M.

How precious is the Book Divine,
By inspiration giv'n !
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

C. M.

FATHER of Mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines !

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a rich repast :
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joy
Attend the blissful sound.

O may those heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see.
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor! gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

L. M.

WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'n

It fills the soul with 'sweet delight,
And quickens our inactive pow'rs;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right;
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

Its promises rejoice our hearts:
Its doctrine is divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

C. M.

LET avarice from shore to shore
Her idol wealth pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy
Are open to our sight
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold,
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heav'nly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied;
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find.

C. M.

O how I love thy holy law !
'Tis daily my delight ;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word ;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Thy heav'nly words my heart engago,
And well employ my tongue,
And, through my weary pilgrimage,
Yield me a heav'nly song.

When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

L. M.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise—
In each a heav'nly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky—

But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day
When heaven and earth have passed away

C. M.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknow'n
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have ;
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

C. M.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy precepts make us truly wise ;
We hate the sinner's road ;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God.

Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

C. M.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young,
 Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,
 And make our virtues strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee
 Our childhood we resign ;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.

O let the work of pray'r and praise
 Employ my youngest breath :
 Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

7's.

Holy Bible ! book divine !
 Precious treasure ! thou art mine •
 Mine to tell me whence I came
 Mine to teach me what I am ;

Mine to chide me when I rove ;
 Mine to show a Saviour's love ;
 Mine thou art to guide and guard ;
 Mine to punish or reward ;

Mine to comfort in distress,
 Suffering in this wilderness ;
 Mine to show, by living faith,
 Man can triumph over death ;

Mine to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom :
 O thou holy book divine !
 Precious treasure, thou art mine !

L. M.

God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just—immensely good.

Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye—
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

S. M.

O LORD! thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.

Celestial light it sheds
To cheer this vale below;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

True wisdom it imparts;
Commands our hope and fear:
O may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there!

12's & 11's.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections and innocent joy,
When bless'd with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies--with peace from on
high!

I still view the chairs of my father and mother,
The seats of their offspring as rang'd on each
hand;

And that richest of books which excell'd ev'ry other,
The family Bible that lay on the stand:
The old fashion'd Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at ev'ning could yield us delight;
And the pray'r of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety thro' night;
Our hymn of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of the family band,
Has rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
Describ'd in the Bible that lay on the stand:
The old fashion'd Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more,
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore;
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection;
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand!
O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand:
The old fashion'd Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

The Ways of God.**C. M.**

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.

You fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

C. M.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led—

Our vows, our pray'rs we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each succeeding path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

C. M.

WHAT though no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no food supply—

Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see ;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be—

Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love ;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy!
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

C. M.

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward with the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day

O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home !

C. M.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide—
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

S. M.

In all my ways, O God !
I would acknowledge thee ;
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.

Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble pray'r and praise.

Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

L. M.

FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustain'd.

To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

To thee may each united house
Morning and night present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

C. M.

Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace ;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe
And led me up to man.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For, O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

C. M.

TO PRAISE the ever bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers ;
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

His cov'nant with the earth he keeps :
My tongue, his goodness sing ;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

Well pleas'd, the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop ;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness ;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.

Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop,
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

L. M.

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee, Sov'reign of the year.
Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole !
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flow'ry spring at thy command
Perfumes the air and paints the land,
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.

Here in thy house let incense rise,
And days of gladness bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

C. M.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round
How short the months appear!

So fast, eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.

Yet, like an idle tale we pass
The swift revolving year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

Arrest, O Lord, my wand'ring heart,
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joys beyond the skies.

L. M.

My helper, God, I bless his name ;
The same his pow'r, his grace the same :
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

I midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far his arm has led me on :
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand

My grateful soul on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;
Then bear in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

C. M.

It is the Lord, enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine,

It is the Lord who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

It is the Lord, my faithful God,—
Thrice blessed be his name,—
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.

And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be faithless, or repine ?
No, gracious God, take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.

L. M.

HAPPY the city where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set—
And daughters bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

Happy the country where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn have large increase :
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

Happy the nation thus endow'd ;
But most divinely blest are those
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself, with all his grace bestows.

S. M.

How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord !
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
Each night thy truth record,

Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

But pleasures more refin'd
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind
And chas'd our sins away.

How new thy mercies then !
How sov'reign, and how free !
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to thee.

L. M.

GLORY to God who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love
Come, saints and angels, if you can,
Declare the love of God to man.

O ! what can more his love commend
Than his beloved Son to send,
That man condemn'd to die might live,
And God be glorious to forgive !

Messiah's come—with joy behold
The days by Prophets long foretold :
Judah thy royal sceptre's broke,
And time confirms what Jacob spoke.

Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,
The time prophetic seals requir'd ;
Cut off for sins, but not his own
Thy Prince Messiah did atone.

Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far outshone ;
It wanted not thy glitt'ring store,
Messiah's presence grac'd it more.

We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wondrous child ;
His birth, his life, his death combine
To prove his character divine.

L. M.

JEHOVAH reigns ; his throne is high ;
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

His terrors keep the world in awe ;
His justice guards his holy law ;
His love reveals a smiling face ;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
Then let my songs with angels' join :
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

C. M.

Thy kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay ;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store ;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining pow'r.

Holy and just in all thy ways .
Thy providence divine ;
In all thy works, immortal rays
Of pow'r and mercy shine.

The praise of God—delightful theme!—
Shall fill my heart and tongue ;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

S. M.

God is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow ;
To him my life, my health, and friends,
And every good, I owe.

The comforts he affords
Are neither few nor small ;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise ;
And to his glory I'll devote
The remnant of my days,

C. M.

~~From~~ all the varying scenes of time
 God's watchful eye surveys,
 O, who so wise to choose our lot,
 Or to appoint our ways!

Good when he gives,—supremely good,—
 Nor less when he denies;
 Even chast'ning, from his sov'reign hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.

Why should we doubt a Father's love
 So constant and so kind?
 To his unerring, gracious will
 Be every wish resign'd.

L. M.

THE Almighty reigns exalted high
 O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
 Though clouds and darkness veil his feet
 His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

O ye that love his holy name,
 Hate every work of sin and shame;
 He guards the souls of all his friends,
 And from the snares of hell defends.

Immortal light and joys unknown
 Are for the saints in darkness sown;
 Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
 And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
 The sacred honors of the Lord;
 None but the soul that feels his grace
 Can triumph in his holiness.

L. M. 6 lines.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care,
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry vale I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile fields and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With lively greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the path of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

C. M.

FATHER of mercies! God of love!
My father and my God!
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

In every period of my life
 Thy thoughts of love appear ;
 Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
 And crown each passing year.

In all thy mercies, may my soul
 A Father's bounty see ;
 Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
 Estrange my heart from thee.

Teach me, in times of deep distress,
 To own thy hand, O God !
 And in submissive silence learn
 The lessons of thy rod.

Then may I close my eyes in death,
 Redeemed from anxious fear ;
 For death itself, my God, is life,
 If thou be with me there.

11's.

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know ;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wand'ring, redeem : when
 oppress'd.

Through th' valley and shadow of death though I
 stray,
 Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;
 No harm can befall, with my comforter near.

In midst of affliction my table is spread ;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
 With perfume and oil thou anointest my head ;
 O what shall I ask of thy Providence more.

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God !
 Still follow my steps till I meet thee above ;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
 Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom
 of love.

P. M.

Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite ;
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us, *The Lord will provide.*

The birds without barn or storehouse are fed ;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written, *The Lord will provide.*

We may, like the ships, by tempests be toss'd
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost ;
 Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 The promise engages, *The Lord will provide.*

His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold ;
 For though we are strangers, we have a good
 guide,
 And trust, in all dangers, *The Lord will provide.*

No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim ;
 But since we have known the Saviour's great
 name
 In this our strong tower for safety we hide—
 The Lord is our power—*The Lord will provide.*

When life sinks space, and death is in view,
 The word of his grace shall comfort us through ;
 Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
 We hope to die trusting, *The Lord will provide.*

Afflictions.

C. M.

CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send ;
My soul for thy salvation faints ;
When will my troubles end ?

Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod ;
Affliction made me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray ;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way

C. M.

My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand ;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possess'd by me
They were entirely thine.

Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Though all the world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

S. M.

How tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

How gentle was the rod
That chasten'd us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
For ever be his name ador'd,
For there is none beside.

C. M.

How happy they who know the Lord,—
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He cheers and guides them by his word;
His arm supports them well.

His presence sweetens all their cares,
And makes their burdens light;
A word from him dispels their fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

C. M.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

One blessing, Lord, my heart desires ;
O, grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still ;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

When troubles rise, and storms appear
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

C. M.

With earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look ;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again ?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

But why, my soul, sunk down so far,
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair
And sin against my God?

Hope in the Lord whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

S. M.

WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To Heav'n I lift mine eyes.

O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

C. M.

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains
And long to fly away:

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upwards to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home :

Sweet in his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee !

O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay ;
Till, from her sin-worn cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.

C. M.

In ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies ;
My anchor-hold is firm in him.
When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear my spirits up
I trust a faithful God,
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

L. M.

From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat?

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.

Ah! whithor could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring souls no Mercy Seat?

There! there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our soul to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat!

O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
Ere I forget the Mercy Seat.

C. M.

TEACH us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

In ev'ry changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

Do thou direct our steps aright ;
Help us thy name to fear ;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

Then may we close our eyes in death,
Without a fear or care ;
For death is life, and labor rest,
If thou art with us there.

C. M.

FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown ;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done."

If thou should'st hedge with thorns my
path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

Although thy steps I cannot trace
Thy sov'reign right I'll own ;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, " Thy will be done."

C. M.

FATHER. whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

Give me a kind and thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

L. M.

MY SPIRIT looks to God alone ,
My rock and refuge is his throne !
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.

Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways ;
Pour out your hearts before his face :
When helpers fail and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

L. M.

God of my life, to thee I call ;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail.
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

**Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where—but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?**

**He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all the journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.**

**Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads me home, apace, to God;
I count my present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.**

C. M.

**GREAT Source of boundless pow'r and grace!
Attend my mournful cry;
In hours of dark and deep distress,
To thee alone I fly.**

**Though art my Strength, my Life, my Stay;
Assist my feeble trust;
O, drive my gloomy fears away,
And raise me from the dust!**

**Fain would I call thy grace to mind,
And trust thy glorious name;
Jehovah, powerful, wise and kind,
Forever is the same.**

**Here let me rest—on thee depend,
My God, my Hope, my All;
Be thou my everlasting Friend,
And I shall never fall.**

11's.

How firm a foundation, you saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home, and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As your days may demand, so your succor shall be

Fear not—I am with you; O be not dismay'd!
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to
stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow;
For I will be with you your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for reposo,
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!

CONGREGATIONAL WORSHIP.

Opening.**L. M.**

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people—we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command!
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move!

L. M.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O! enter, then, his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

C. M.

TO CHRIST, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
Its noblest tribute bring ;
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing ?

Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell ;
Think of the wonders of his grace
And all his triumphs tell.

Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow ;
His head with radiant glory crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow

No mortal can with him compare
 Among the sons of men ;
 Fairer is he than all the fair
 That fill the heav'nly train.

He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
 He flew to my relief ;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.

To heav'n, the place of his abode,
 He brings my weary feet ;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joys complete.

Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

7's.

SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us each a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day :
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

While we seek supplies of grace
 Through the blest Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame ;
 From our worldly care set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.

Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear :
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners—comfort saints
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints ;
Thus let all our worship prove,
Till we join thy courts above.

Glory be to God on high—
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Glory to the Lamb be giv'n—
Glory in the highest heav'n :
Wisdom, riches, praise and pow'r,
Be to God for evermore.

S's, 7's, & 4's.

In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near ;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
O that we this day may hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee !
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory—
Without clouds. in heav'n we see.

There, in worship, purer, sweeter,
 All thy people shall adore ;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Than they could conceive before ;
 Full enjoyment—
 Holy bliss for evermore.

S. M.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
 Behold us, Lord, again
 Assembled at thy mercy's door,
 Thy bounty to obtain.

Thy word invites us nigh,
 Or we would starve indeed ;
 For we no money have to buy,
 Nor righteousness to plead.

The food our spirits want,
 Thy hand alone can give ;
 O! hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
 That we may eat and live !

S. M.

How charming is the place
 Where my Redeemer, God,
 Unveils the beauties of his face,
 And sheds his love abroad !

Not the fair palaces,
 To which the great resort,
 Are once to be compar'd with this,
 Where Jesus holds his court.

Here, on the Mercy Seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

To him their pray'rs and cries
Each humble soul presents ;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

Give me, O Lord, a place,
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

C. M.

Best day of God ! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days ;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;
His rising thee did raise :
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind ;
And they who do the Lord's day love,
A happy week shall find.

This day, I must to God appear,
For, Lord, the day is thine ;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

OPENING.

S. M.

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

C. M.

Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God !
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd and taught,
The children of thy grace.

May all our friends, thy servants here,
Meet with us all above,
And we and they in heav'n appear,
The children of thy love.

L. M.

HAPPY the saints whose lot is cast,
Where oft is heard the gospel sound;
The word is pleasing to their taste,
A healing balm for ev'ry wound.

With joy they hasten to the place,
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

'This favor'd lot, my friends, is ours;
May we the privilege improve,
And find these consecrated hours
Sweet earnest of the joy above.

S. M.

How honor'd is the place,
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell;
While walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of your King

Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace,

Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears,
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

S. M.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place !
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas—

This mighty God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the river of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Shall constant joys create.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From hope and faith may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching o'er this hallow'd ground
To fairer worlds on high.

C. M.

YE THAT obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place ;
Bow to the glories of his name,
And sing his wondrous grace.

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And raise your thanks on high ;
Send your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

The God of Zion cheer your hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace :
'Tis he that spreads the heav'ns abroad
Whose presence fills the place.

C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

C. M.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown ?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

Among the saints who fill thy house,
My off'ring shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul, in anguish, made.

How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee

Now I am thine,—forever thine,—
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record ;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

H. M.

To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts his hands are fill'd ;
We draw our blessings thence :
He will bestow
On Israel's race
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves—
From pure and upright souls :
Thrice happy he,
O, God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

C. M.

BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise !

Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

The foolish builders, scribe, and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise :
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes,

S. M.

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

The scribe, and angry priest,
Reject God's only Son,
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine;
This day did Jesus rise.

This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice and sing and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, you saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

We bless thy Holy Word,
Which all this grace displays,
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

C. M.

Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke.

But we are come to Zion hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Where faith is turn'd to sight.

Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n !
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n !

Saints here, and those in Jesus dead
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

In such society as this
My weary soul would rest :
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever bless'd.

C. M.

Lord, in thy presence here we meet ;
May we in thee be found !
O make the place divinely sweet,
O let thy grace abound !

To-day the order of thy house
We would in peace maintain ;
We would renew our solemn vows,
And heav'nly strength regain.

Let no discordant passions rise
To mar the work of love ;
But hold us in those heav'nly ties
That bind the saints above.

With harmony and union bless,
That we may own to thee
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis,
When brethren all agree.

May Zion's good be kept in view,
And bless our feeble aim,
That all we undertake to do,
May glorify thy name.

L. M.

ASSEMBLED at thy high command,
Before thy face, great King, we stand :
The voice that marshall'd ev'ry star
Has call'd thy people from afar.

We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;
Along the line—to either pole—
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

Our pray'rs assist ; accept our praise ;
Our hopes revive ; our courage raise ;
Our counsels aid ; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

Forth, with thy chosen heralds come ;
Recall the wand'ring spirits home :
From Zion's mount send forth the sound
To spread the spacious earth around.

S. M.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought.

God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

L. M.

GREAT God ! the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

O, grant thy blessing here to-day ;
O, give thy people joy and peace ;
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

We seek the truth which Jesus brought
His path of light we long to tread ;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

May faith, and hope, and love abound ;
Our sins and errors be forgiven ;
And we, from day to day, be found
The sons of God and heirs of heav'n

C. M.

COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne ;
This is the day our risen Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.

This is the day which God has bless'd,
The brightest of the sev'n,
Type of the everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heav'n.

Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten on that day,
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

Not one, but all our days below,
Our hearts his praise employ ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

C. M.

AGAIN the Lord of light and life
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a Sun which rose this day
Triumphant from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
 And praise on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thousand diff'rent lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.

. II's.

Come saints, let us join in the praise of the Lamb,
 The theme most sublime of the angels above ;
 They dwell with delight on the sound of his name,
 And gaze on his glories with wonder and love.

They worship the Lamb, who for sinners was slain ;
 But their loftiest songs never equal his love :
 The claims of his mercy will ever remain,
 Transcending the anthems in glory above.

Yet even our service he will not despise,
 When we join in his worship and tell of his name ;
 Then let us unite in the song of the skies,
 And, trusting his mercy, sing, "Worthy the
 Lamb."

C. M.

Now may the God of peace and love,
 Who from th'impris'ning grave,
 Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Omnipotent to save—

Through the rich merits of that blood
 Which he on Calv'ry spilt,
 To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
 On which our hopes are built F 2.

Perfect our souls in ev'ry grace
T' accomplish all his will,
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil.

O for the great Messiah's sake,
Accept our humble lay ;
With glory let his name be crown'd
Through heav'n's eternal day.

S. M. .

COME to the house of pray'r,
O thou afflicted, come ;
The God of peace shall meet thee there ,
He makes that house his home.

Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

Ye young, before his throne
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

Thou whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,—
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—

Up to thy dwelling-place
 Bear our frail spirits on,
 Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
 And heav'n on earth be won.

C. M.

COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
 Our humble tribute own,
 While, with our praises and complaints
 We bow before thy throne.

How should our songs, like those above,
 With warm devotion rise!
 How should our souls on wings of love
 Mount upward to the skies!

But, ah, the song, how faint it flows!
 How languid our desire!
 How dim the sacred passion glows
 Till thou the heart inspire!

Blest Saviour, let thy glory shine,
 And fill thy dwellings here,
 Till life, and love, and joy divine
 A heav'n on earth appear.

7's.

LORD, we come before thee now;
 At thy feet we humbly bow:
 O do not our suit disdain;
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

Lord, on thee our souls depend;
 In compassion now descend;
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace:
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee ; here we stay :
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down, lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind ;
Heal the sick ; the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

C. M.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair ;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Saviour here.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

C. M.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
In glory now appear ;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

When we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy favor, Lord, impart ;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach ev'ry heart.

Here let the blind their sight obtain ;
Here give the mourners rest ;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthron'd in ev'ry breast.

Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ
In realms beyond the skies.

S. P. M.

How pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
" Come, let us seek our God to-day !"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joytul sound.

Here David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment here;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

L. M.

WHILE we the empty tomb survey,
We sing the triumphs of this day:
The Saviour rose! He broke death's chain,
And all our hellish foes are slain!

The barren grave, on this blest morn,
Brought forth our Saviour, her first-born;
Soon shall she feel a second throe,
And bring forth all his brethren too.

The life which wrought in Christ our head
Secures our rising from the dead:
This faith does all our fears control,
This gives a Sabbath to the soul. -

Our risen Lord all things obey,
E'en death and hell must own his sway.
While saints with one accord proclaim
The glory of his endless fame.

The Lord's Supper**L. M.**

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride!
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to thy blood.
See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

C. M.

HERE, at thy table, Lord, we meet.
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.
Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
O, what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.
Deep was the suff'ring he endur'd
Upon th' accursed tree;
"For me," each welcome guest may say,
"'Twas all endur'd for me."

Sure there was never love so free—
Blest Saviour, so divine :
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me
Which owe's so much to thine.

S. M.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.
Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise ;
Let holy love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

S. M.

Now let each happy guest
The sacred concert raise,
To close the honors of the feast,
And sing the Master's praise.
His condescending love
First calls our wonder forth,
He left the blessed realms above,
To dwell with men on earth.
His precepts, how divine,
How suited to our state !
How bright his acts of mercy shine
His promises how great !

Redemption's glorious plan,
How wondrous in our view !
The salutary source to man
Of peace and pardon too.

L. M.

How pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree,
To sit around the sacred board
As members of one common Lord.

Here we behold the dawn of bliss—
Here we enjoy the Saviour's grace—
Here we behold his precious blood,
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.

While here we sit, we would implore
That love may spread from shore to shore
Till all the saints, like us, combine
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

To all we freely give our ~~hand~~,
Who love the Lord in ev'ry land ;
For all are one in Christ our head,
To whom be endless honors paid.

Here, by the bread and wine, we view
What boundless curses were our due ;
But through the offering of our Lord,
More than was lost is now restor'd.

Let wrath and strife, those seeds of hell,
Ne'er in the Christian bosom dwell ;
But love and union, by his blood,
Prove us the chosen heirs of God.

L. M.

COME in, ye blessed of the Lord,
Ye that believe his holy word;
Come, and receive his heav'nly bread,
The food with which his saints are fed.

Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,
And feast on his redeeming love;
Come, all ye happy souls that thirst,
The last is welcome as the first.

COME to his table, and receive
Whate'er a pard'ning God can give;
His love through ev'ry age endures;
His promise and himself are yours.

L. M.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face,
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

The Lord of life his table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
We taste the wine and bless our God.

Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And carth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare for us a place ;
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

Our eyes look upward to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come ;
We wait his welcome chariot wheels
To fetch our longing spirits home.

C. M.

THE rich memorials of thy grief,
The suff'rings of thy death,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *faith*.

The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *hope*.

The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *love*.

Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine ;
The utmost we can do, blest Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

Increase our faith, and hope, and love :
Lord, give us all that's good ;
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

H. M.

COME, ev'ry pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name;
Your noblest pow'rs exert
To celebrate his fame :
Tell all above and all below
The debt of love to him you owe.

Such was his zeal for God,
And such his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What angels could not do :
His ev'ry deed of love and grace
All words exceed, all thoughts surpass.

He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside ;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died :
What he endur'd, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell

From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead ;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led :
Up through the sky the Conq'r'r rode,
And reigns on high the Son of God.

From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day :
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

L. M.

WELCOME, ye hopeful heirs of heav'n,
To this rich feast of gospel love—
This pledge is but the prelude giv'n
To that immortal feast above.

How great the blessing, thus to meet
According to our Saviour's word,
And hold by faith communion sweet,
With our unseen, yet present Lord.

And if so sweet, this feast below,
What will it be, to meet above,
Where all we see, and feel, and know,
Are fruits of everlasting love!

Soon shall we tune the heav'nly lyre,
While list'ning worlds the song approve,
Eternity itself expire,
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.

C. M.

IF HUMAN kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie—
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;

O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe.

While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
"Meet and remember me."

Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O mem'ry, leave no other name
But His recorded there.

C. M.

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord;
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heav'nly bread we break,—
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,—
Freely with us partake.

In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual pow'rs.

COME with us, we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the vict'ry won.

And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost, and found in him.

C. M.

IN MEMORY of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heav'nly feast above.

S. M.

JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

Here, we show forth his love,
Which spake in ev'ry breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.

Here, let our powers unite
His honored name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affections grow.

7's.

BREAD of heav'n, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

Vine of heav'n, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;
To thy cross we look and live.

Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

8's, 7's, 4's.

SWEET the moment, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the dying sinner's friend ;
Hallelujah !
From the dying sinner's friend,

Truly blessed is our station,
Low before his cross we lie ;
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

May we still enjoy this feeling,
Still to our Redeemer go,
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more truly know,
Hallelujah !
From the dying sinner's friend.

The Contribution.**L. M.**

THE Lord, who rules the world's affairs,
 For me a well-spread board prepares ;
 My grateful thanks to him shall rise,
 He knows my wants: those wants supplies.
 And shall I grudge to give his poor
 A mite from all my plenteous store ?
 No, Lord, the friends of thine and thee
 Shall always find a friend in me.

C. M.

BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
 Feels all another's pain ;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never raised in vain ;
 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth,
 A stranger's woes to feel ;
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wounds
 He wants the power to heal.
 He spreads his kind, supporting arms,
 To every child of grief :
 His willing bounty largely flows,
 And brings unask'd relief.
 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow ;
 He views, through mercy's melting eye,
 A brother in a foe.
 Peace from the bosom of his God
 The Saviour's grace shall give ;
 And when he kneels before the throne,
 His trembling soul shall live.

C. M.

HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy will ;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
The law of love fulfil.

He that hath pity on the poor
Doth lend unto the Lord ;
And, lo ! his recompense is sure ;
For more shall be restored.

To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we move and live ;
Freely we have received from thee,
And freely may we give.

And while we thus obey thy word,
And every want relieve,
O may we find it, gracious Lord !
More blest than to receive.

C. M.

BRIGHT source of everlasting love,
To thee our souls we raise ;
And to thy sov'reign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With every cheering ray,
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair,
And with the gifts thy hand bestows
Relieve the mourners there,

The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be fed;
The hungry soul we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living Bread.

C. M.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

Like him, through scenes of deep distress
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
We lose not our reward.

S. M.

O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way
And granted us success.

O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!

Lord! may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep :
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep,

C. M.

LORD, may our sympathizing breasts
The gen'rous pleasure know
Kindly to share in others joys,
And weep for others woe.

Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

Thus may the sacred law of love,
Through all our actions shine,
And force a scoffing world to own
The christian name divine.

C. M.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power ;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

No act falls fruitless, none can tell
How vast its powers may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care now small it be,
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true and free.

Closing.**8's, 7's, 4's.**

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O refresh us !
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
With us ever more be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away ;
Borne by angels up to heav'n
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day

8's & 7's.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

L. M.

COME, Christian brethren ere we part,
Join ev'ry voice, and ev'ry heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

L. M.

LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise
Teach us, in life and death, to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love!

S. M.

ONCE more before we part
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies, ev'ry heart,
Sing, ev'ry tongue, his fame.
Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow:
Go seek the knowledge of the Lord,
And practice what you know.
And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful shore
To which all saints are bound.

C. M.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still
With ev'ry one remain !

Then let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we, around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above.

Where sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then forever fly,
And not one thought that we shall part
Once intercept our joy.

L. M.

ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

May the great truths we here have heard—
The lessons of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

O, may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above,

L. M.

Thy presence everlasting God
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad,
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In ev'ry place thy children keep.

While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When absent ; happy if we share,
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet ;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as **thine**.

Give us in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our thankful vows :
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy **throne**.

S. M.

Lord, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and **power**,
To keep us when we part.

Peace to our brethren give ;
Fill all our hearts with **love** ;
In faith and patience may we **live**,
And seek our rest above.

Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue ;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here
Till we its glory view.

To God the Only Wise,
 In every age adored,
 Let glory from the church arise
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

S. M.

To God, the Only Wise,
 Our Saviour and our King;
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserve us safe from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls,
 Unblemished and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer, God,
 Wisdom and power belong,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting song.

S. M.

To BLESS thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline;
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all thy saints to shine:—

That so thy wondrous way,
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their homage pay
And thy salvation own.

Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
And all the world, O Lord, combine,
To praise thy glorious name.

S. M.

Soon we shall meet again
When all our toils are o'er,
Where sin, and death, and grief, and pain;
And parting are no more.

O, happy, happy day
That calls thy exiles home;
The flaming heav'ns shall pass away,
The earth receive her doom.

Saviour, we wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labor that we may be found
Of thee in perfect peace.

S. M.

And let our bodies part,
To diff'rent climes repair;
Still and forever joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And foll'wing our triumphant Head
To further conquests go.

O let our heart and mind,
 Great God, to thee ascend,
 That haven of repose to find,
 Where all our labors end ;
 Where all our toils are o'er,
 Our suffering and our pain :
 Who meet on that eternal shore
 Shall never part again.

S. M.

Thy name, almighty Lord,
 Shall sound through distant lands ;
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
 Thy truth for ever stands.
 Far be thine honor spread,
 And long thy praise endure,
 Till morning light and evening shade
 Shall be exchanged no more.

S. M.

Blest are the pure in heart
 For they shall see our God ;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
 Their soul is his abode.
 Still to the lowly soul
 He doth himself impart,
 And for his temple and his throne
 Selects the pure in heart.

7, 7, 8, 7.

HEAD of the Church triumphant !
 We joyfully adore thee ;
 Till thou appear, thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory.

We lift our hearts and voices
 With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud, and give to God
 The praise of our salvation.

7's.

ALL ye nations praise the Lord ;
 All ye lands, your voices raise ;
 Heaven and earth, with loud accord
 Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

For his truth and mercy stand,
 Past, and present, and to be,
 Like the years of his right hand,
 Like his own eternity.

7's.

THANKS for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins bestow ;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to old and young ;
 Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love ;
 And, when life's short race is run,
 Take us to thy house above.

7's double.

GUIDE us, Lord ! while, hand in hand,
 Journ'ying toward the better land ;
 Foes we know are to be met,
 Snares the pilgrim's path beset ;
 Clouds upon the valley rest,
 Rough and dark the mountain's breast ;
 And our home can not be gained,
 Save through trials well sustained.

Guide us, while we onward move,
Linked in closest bonds of love,
Striving for the holy mind,
And the soul from sense refined ;
That when life no longer burns,
And the dust to dust returns,
With the strength which thou hast given,
We may rise to thee and heaven.

7's.

For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Give us, if thou wilt, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

8's & 7's.

Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Be to him who reigns above !
Young and old thy name confessing,
Saviour ! let us share thy love !

As the saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne ;
As thine angels bow before thee,
So on earth thy will be done _

L. M.

My Christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove ;
Your friendship's like the strongest band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

Your presence' sweet, our union dear,
What joys we feel together here !
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray ;
How loth are we to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind !
But pilgrims in a foreign land,
We oft must take the parting hand.

My Christian friends, both old and young,
I trust you will in Christ go on ;
Press on, and soon you'll win the prize—
A crown of glory in the skies.

A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

O blessed day ! O glorious hope !
My soul rejoices at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

Love and Excellency of Jesus.

C. P. M.

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
 And build on him alone ;
For no foundation is there giv'n
On which to place our hopes of heav'n,
 But Christ, the corner-stone.

Possessing Christ, I all possess,
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
 And holiness complete ;
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
 And all his justice meet.

There is no path to heav'nly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
 But Christ th' appointed road ;
O may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
 Till we sit down with God !

The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,
 The Saviour just and true ;
O may we still his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
 And all his precepts do !

As he above forever lives,
And life to dying sinners gives,
Eternal and divine ;
O may his spirit in me dwell !
Then, sav'd from sin, and death, and hell
Eternal life is mine !

C. M.

JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend
As such I look to thee ;
Now, in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me !

Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy promises,
And then remember me.

Thou mighty Advocate with God !
I yield myself to thee ;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me !

I own I'm guilty—own I'm vile ;—
Yet thy salvation's free ;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me !

Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me,

And when I close my eyes in death,
And creatures help, all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, Lord,
I pray remember me !

C. M.

Jesus, in thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise !
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme—
The wonder of the skies !

Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine !
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine !

Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes ?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
For vile rebellious foes ?

Victorious love ! can language tell,
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour ?

What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine !
O take this heart, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine !

L. M.

Jesus, my love, my chief delight ;
To thee I seek, to thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the bus'ness of the day.

May I still see thy smiling face,
That face which I have often seen ?
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness !
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distress'd ;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

Since I can say this gift is mine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

The precious jewel I will keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never shall from thence depart.

S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
His grace to thee proclaim ;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

O bless the Lord, my soul !
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all his benefits ;
The Lord to thee is kind.

He will not always chide ;
He will with patience wait ;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins,
 Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
 He healeth thine infirmities,
 And ransoms thee from death.

Then bless his holy name,
 Whose grace hath made thee whole,
 Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days ;
 O bless the Lord, my soul !

C. M.

COME, let our hearts and voices join
 To praise the Saviour's name ;
 Whose truth and kindness are divine,
 Whose love is still the same.

When most we need his gracious hand,
 This friend is always near ;
 With heav'n and earth at his command,
 He waits to answer prayer.

His love no end nor measure knows,
 No change can turn its course ;
 Immutably the same it flows
 From one eternal source.

C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 Our great Redeemer's praise !
 The glory of our God and King—
 The triumph of his grace.

Jesus! thy name removes our fears,
And bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

O gracious master! heav'nly Lord!
Assist us to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

Hosanna to the Lord be giv'n
In loudest, noblest strains!
Hosanna in the highest heav'n!
The great Redeemer reigns!

C. M.

O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

To them in each distressing hour
His throne of grace is near ;
And when they plead his love and pow'r,
He stands engag'd to hear.

His presence sweetens all our cares
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine ;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

Let us enjoy and highly prize
 These tokens of thy love,
 Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise
 To worship thee above.

7's.

God with *us*! O glorious name!
 Let it shine in endless fame;
 God and man in Christ unite—
 O mysterious depth and height!

God with *us*! Amazing love
 Brought him from the courts above:
 Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
 Swell the song with holy fire.

God with *us*! O wondrous grace!
 Let us see him face to face;
 That we may Immanuel sing,
 As we ought, our God and King.

C. M.

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence or to flee
 The notice of thine eye.

Thy all observing eye surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 The secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
 Before they're form'd within,
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 Thou knowest all I mean.

O let thine arms surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

C. M.

REJOICE, my soul, still in the Lord,
Who makes my cause his own,
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset my road ;
And feeble is my arm,
My life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as I am, I shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die !
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid me from on high.

Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him, always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence ;
'Then what have I to fear ?

C. M.

To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song ;
O may his love, (immortal flame !)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

His love, what mortal thought can reach
What mortal tongue display !
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

Blest Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

C. M.

JESUS has died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable:
And wait with arms of faith t'embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

Give me thyself—from ev'ry boast,
From ev'ry wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be giv'n;
Thy presence makes my paradise;
And where thou art is heav'n.

C. M.

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above,
His heart is made of tenderness ;
His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy divine,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

C. M.

Thou art the way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee.
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the way, the truth, the life ;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

L. M.

JESUS my all to heav'n has gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His path I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief and burden long had been,
That I had not been sav'd from sin.

The more I strove against its pow'r,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul—I am the way."

Then glad I came to him, blest Lamb !
And made confession of his name :
Myself alone had I to give ;
Nothing but love did I receive.

Now will I tell to sinners round
What a rich Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—Behold the way to God.

C. M.

DIDST thou, Lord Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?

And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?

Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss ;

O let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

Inspire my soul with love divine,
And holy courage bold ;

Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

Say to my soul, Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay ?

Behold thy Saviour, ever near,
Will guide thee in the way.

O how my soul would rise and run
At this transporting word ;

Nor any painful suff'rings shun
To follow thee, my Lord.

Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will,

If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

P. M.

My Prophet thou, my heav'nly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear ;

The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are !

Thee, my great prophet, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.

My great High Priest, whose precious blood
 Did once atone upon the cross,
 Who now dost intercede with God,
 And plead the friendless sinner's cause :
 In thee I trust, thee would I love,
 And imitate the blest above.

My King supreme, to thee I bow
 A willing subject at thy feet;
 All other lords I disavow,
 And to thy government submit ;
 My Saviour King this heart would love,
 And imitate the blest above.

H. M.

Join all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore ;
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

Great prophet of my God !
 My tongue would bless thy name,
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.

Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offer'd his blood and died ;
 My guilty conscience seeks -
 No sacrifice beside.
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now he pleads before the throne.

My dear and mighty Lord,
My Conq'ror and my King ;
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing.
Thine is the pow'r ; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

L. M.

JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame :
Great God, prepare each heart and voice
In him for ever to rejoice.

Of him what wondrous things are told !
In him what glories I behold !
For him I gladly all things leave ;
To him, my soul, for ever cleave.

In him my treasure's all contain'd,
In him my feeble soul's maintain'd ;
From him what favors I receive !
Through him I shall for ever live !

With him I daily love to walk ;
Of him my soul delights to talk ;
On him I cast my ev'ry care ;
Like him I shall one day appear.

Bless him, my soul, from day to day ;
Trust him to lead thee on thy way ;
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart :
With him, O never, never part.

Take him for strength and righteousness,
Make him thy refuge in distress ;
Love him above all earthly joy,
And him in every thing employ.

Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs ;
To him your highest praise belongs !
Bless him who doth your heav'n prepare,
And whom you'll praise forever there.

C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !
Thy bounties how complete !
How shall I count the matchless sum ?
How pay the mighty debt ?
High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine ;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the world is thine.
But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace ;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
In them, thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd ;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice be heard.
Thy face with rev'rence and with love,
We, in thy poor, would see ;
O let us rather beg our bread,
Than keep it back from thee.

S's, 7's, 4's.

ONE THERE is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end ;
Hallelujah !
Costly, free, and know no end.

Which of³ all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconcil'd in him to God;
 Hallelujah!
 Reconcil'd in him to God.

When he liv'd on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same;
 Hallelujah!
 He rejoices in the same.

S's, 7's, 4's.

With my substance I will honor
 My Redeemer and my Lord;
 Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
 All were nothing to his word:
 Hallelujah!
 Now we offer to the Lord.

While the heralds of salvation
 His abounding grace proclaim,
 Let his saints of ev'ry station
 Gladly join to spread his fame:
 Hallelujah!
 Gifts we offer to his name.

May his kingdom be promoted;
 May the world the Saviour know:
 Be to him these gifts devoted
 For to him my all I owe:
 Hallelujah!
 Run, ye heralds, to and fro.

Praise the Saviour, all ye nations ;
 Praise him, all ye hosts above ;
 Shout with joyful acclamations
 His divine, victorious love :
 Hallelujah !
 By this gift our love we'll prove.

C. M.

'Tis not the law of ten commands,
 On holy Sinai giv'n,
 Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
 Can bring us safe to heav'n.
 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
 Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
 Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
 Or save our souls from hell.
 Aaron the priest resigns his breath
 At God's immediate will ;
 And in the desert yields to death
 Upon th' appointed hill.
 And thus on yonder mountain side
 The tribes of Israel stand,
 While Moses bow'd his head and died,
 Short of the promis'd land.
 Israel, rejoice, now Joshua leads,
 He'll bring your tribes to rest ;
 So far the Saviour's name exceeds
 The ruler and the priest.

C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear ;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That all the earth might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All that my ardent soul can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath,
And, dying, triumph in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

C. M.

You glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view—
A treasure all divine.

Away, unworthy of my cares,
You specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

Jesus, to multitudes unknown—
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

Should both the Indies, at my call,
 Their boasted stores resign,
 With joy I would renounce them all,
 For leave to call thee mine.

Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
 Of this dear gift possess'd,
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be for ever blest.

Blest Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine;
 Accept the praise that love inspires,
 Since I can call thee mine!

S's.

My gracious Redeemer I love!
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above
 To shout his adorable name.

To gaze on his glories divine
 Shall be my eternal employ,
 And feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless, ineffable joy.

You palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away.

The crown that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
 My joy everlastingly flows—
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

C. M.

LONG as I live I'll praise thy name,
My King, my God of Love ;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great ;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy work of grace repeat.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

7's.

Now begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
You who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

You, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on you move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

You, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above—
Nothing but redeeming love.

He subdued th' infernal pow'rs—
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love

C. M.

ASHAM'D of Christ! our souls disdain
The mean, ungen'rous thought;
Shall we disown that friend whose blood
To man salvation brought?

With the glad news of love and peace
From heav'n to earth he came;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.

To his command let us submit
Ourselves without delay;
Our lives—yea, thousand lives of ours,
His love can ne'er repay.

Each faithful foll'wer Jesus views
With infinite delight ;
Their lives to him are dear—their death
Is precious in his sight.

To bear his name —his cross to bear—
Our highest honor this !
Who nobly suffer for him now
Shall reign with him in bliss.

But should we, in the evil day,
From our profession fly,
Jesus, the Judge, before the world
The traitors will deny.

S's and 7's.

O THOU Fount of ev'ry blessing !
Tune my heart to sing thy praise ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me ever to adore thee,
May I still thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.

Here, I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from thy fold, O God !
He, to rescue me from danger,
Did redeem me by his blood !

O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind me closer still to thee!

Never let me wander from thee,
 Never leave thee whom I love,
 By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
 Till I reach thy courts above.

7's, 6's.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And dwell with him above,
 To drink the flowing fountain
 Of everlasting love?
 When shall I be deliver'd
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in?

But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before;
 He's given me my orders,
 And tells me not to fear.
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

Through grace I am determin'd
 To conquer though I die,
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu :
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heav'nly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

O ! do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you long for knowledge,
On him you may depend ;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request ;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

Now to the Lord be glory
For his redeeming love !
We'll sing the wondrous story
In brighter worlds above.
We'll shout his hallelujahs,
And join the heav'nly song
With Noah, Job, and Daniel,
And all the holy throng.

C. M.

IM NOT asham'd to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honors of his word,
The glory of his cross.

Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint for me a place.

7's.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none.
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:

All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of Peace and Righteousness,
Most unworthy, Lord, I am;
Thou art full of love and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest,

Dear name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defil'd :
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd a child.

Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath,
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

G's, 4's.

GLORY to God on high .
 Let heaven and earth reply ;
 Praise ye his name ;
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore,
 And sing for ever more,
 " Worthy the Lamb."

Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
“Worthy the Lamb.”

Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
“Worthy the Lamb.”

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing my great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!

Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
 O may my last expiring breath
 His loving kindness sing in death !

Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing with rapture and surprise
 His loving kindness in the skies.

L. M.

HOSANNA to King David's Son,
 Who reigns on a superior throne ;
 We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
 Who brings salvation down to earth !

Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
 In this delightful work engage,
 Old men and babes in Zion sing
 The growing glories of her King.

11's, 8's.

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call ;
 My comfort by day and my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all !

Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep
 To feed on the pastures of love ?
 O why in the valley of death should I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

And why should I wander an alien from thee,
 And cry in the desert for bread ?
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.

You daughters of Zion, declare have you seen
The star that on Israel shone ?
Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he is gone ?

This is my beloved ; his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death ;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow
That water the garden of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

Love sits on his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high ;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks, and oternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

C. M.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
 A thousand glories more;
 Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
 The sons of Aaron wore.

They first their own burnt-off'rings brought
 To purge themselves from sin:
 Thy life was pure, without a spot,
 And all thy nature clean.

Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
 Was on their altar spilt;
 But thy one off'ring takes away
 For ever all our guilt.

Their priesthood ran through sev'ral hands
 For mortal was their race;
 Thy never-changing office stands
 Eternal as thy days.

Once, in the circuit of a year,
 With blood, but not his own,
 Aaron within the veil appear'd
 Before the golden throne.

But Christ, with his own precious blood,
 Ascends above the skies,
 And in the presence of our God
 Shows his own sacrifice.

Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
 On Zion's holy hill;
 Looks like a lamb that had been slain,
 And wears his priesthood still.

He ever lives in heav'n to plead
The cause which cost his blood,
And saves unto the utmost those
Who by him come to God.

C. P. M.

O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine ;
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine ;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face ;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace

C. M.

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The Lord of glory reigns.

While harps unnumber'd sound his praise
In yonder worlds above,
His caints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

This land through which his pilgrims go
Is desolate and dry ;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.

When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this high Rock for rest they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

How glorious he, how happy they
In such a gen'rous friend,
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

11's.

O JESUS, my Saviour, in thee I am bless'd !
My life, and my treasure, my joy, and my rest ;
Thy grace is my theme, and thy love is my song,
Thy charms do inspire my heart and my tongue.

All human expression is empty and vain ;
Tongue cannot unriddle the heavenly flame ;
And sure, if the language of angels I had,
I could not, completely, the myst'ry describe.

O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet,
A sacrifice-offering of soul, flesh, and blood ;
Thou art my Redeemer, my Saviour, my God.

L. M.

I know that my Redeemer lives :
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living head !

He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to bless in time of need.

He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end ;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King !

He lives, and grants me daily breath ;
He lives, and I shall conquer death ;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to his name !
He lives, my Jesus, still the same !
O the sweet joy this sentence gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives !

Christian Union and Communion.

C. M.

How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil the word.

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart :

When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love :

When love in one delightful stream
Through ev'ry bosom flows,
When union sweet and dear esteem
In ev'ry action glows.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

S. M.

LET Christians all agree,
And peace among them spread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

Among the saints on earth,
Let fervent love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With common blessings crown'd

Let envy (child of hell!)
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent pray'rs,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

S's.

FROM whence does this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love!
It fastens our souls with such ties,
That distance nor time can remove.

It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' life's blood it has cost.

My friends so endear'd unto me,
Our souls so united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

Why then so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall soon meet again?
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

And then we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from our prisons of clay,
United in Jesus' kind love.

With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see:
Then sing hallelujahs—Amen!
Amen! Even so let it be!

C. M.

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one :

One family,—we dwell in him ;
One church,—above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
Expecting soon to die !

Dear Saviour ! be our constant guide ;
Then when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

7's

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee ;
Let us in thy name agree ;
Thou who art the Prince of Peace ;
Bid our jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling love,
 Ev'ry stumbling-block remove :
 Each to each unite, endear ;
 Come, and spread thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,—
 Courteous, pitiful and kind ;
 Lowly, meek, in thought and word,—
 Altogether like our Lord.

Let us for each other care ;
 Each the other's burden bear ;
 Thus thy Church the pattern give ;
 Show how true believers live.

Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide ;
 All the depths of love express,—
 All the heights of holiness.

Let us then with joy remove
 To the family above ;
 On the wings of angels fly ;
 Show how true believers die.

11's.

Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints ;
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace ;
 And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love cannot cease.
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
 I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

While here in the valley of conflict I stray,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauty to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home

7's.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

**The Christian's Hope, Rank, Honors
and Glory.**

L. M.

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
You seraphs, shout it from the sky!
'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, outmeasuring ev'ry crime;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

For this stupendous love of Heav'n,
What grateful honors shall we show!
Where much transgression is forgiv'n
Let love in equal ardor glow.

By this inspir'd, let all our days
With gospel holiness be crown'd;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
In all abide, in all abound.

C. M.

BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
The Father has bestow'd
On us, the sons of sinful men,
To call us sons of God.

Conceal'd as yet this honor lies,
By this dark world unknown —
A world that knew not when he came,
E'en God's beloved Son.

High is the rank we now possess,
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes.

We know; we all, when he appears,
Shall bear his image bright;
And all his glory full disclos'd
Shall open to our sight.

A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure,
And purify our souls from sin,
As Christ himself is pure.

P. M.

How happy are they who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in the Saviour's kind love!

This comfort is mine, since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb:
Since the truth I believ'd what a joy I've receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' blest name!

'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore!

Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
O that all to this refuge may fly!
He has lov'd me, I cried, he has suffer'd and died
To redeem such a rebel as I!

On the wings of his love I am carried above
 All my sin, and temptation, and pain ;
 O why should I grieve, while on him I believe !
 O why should I sorrow again !

O the rapturous height of that holy delight,
 Which I find in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possess'd, I am perfectly bless'd,
 Being fill'd with the fulness of God !

Now my remnant of days will I spend to his praise
 Who has died, me from sin to redeem :
 Whether many or few, all my years are his due ;
 They shall all be devoted to him.

What a mercy is this ! what a heaven of bliss !
 How unspeakably happy am I !
 Gather'd into the fold, with believers enroll'd—
 With believers to live and to die !

C. M.

How happy is the Christian's state !
 His sins are all forgiv'n !
 A cheering ray confirms the grace,
 And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

Though in the rugged path of life
 He heaves the pensive sigh ;
 Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
 Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
 He feels the chast'ning rod,
 The gentle stroke shall bring him back
 To his forgiving God.

And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

L. M.

Bless'd are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

Bless'd are the souls who thirst for grace
Hunger and thirst for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the glowing coals of strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

Bless'd are the suff'ers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord :
Glory and joy are their reward.

C. M.

Bless'd is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet,
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat :

But in the statutes of the Lord
 Has plac'd his chief delight ;
 By day he reads or hears the word,
 And meditates by night.

Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
 Shall his profession shine ;
 While fruits of holiness appear
 Like clusters on the vine.

Not so the impious and unjust :
 What vain designs they form !
 Their hopes are blown away like dust,
 Or chaff before the storm.

Sinners in judgment shall not stand
 Among the sons of grace,
 When Christ the Judge at his right hand
 Appoints his saints a place.

His eyes behold the path they tread
 His heart approves it well ;
 But crooked ways of sinners lead
 Down to the gates of hell.

C. M.

WHAT poor, despised company
 Of travellers are these,
 Who walk in yonder narrow way,
 Along the rugged maze ?

Ah! these are of a royal line,
 All children of a King ;
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
 And, lo! for joy they sing.

Why do they, then, appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?—
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not appriz'd.

But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread—
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed!

But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why; that's the way their leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

Why must they shun that pleasant path
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the way to death;
The open road to hell.

What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God;
None other can be found.

Then let us in this way rejoice,
And in the truth abound,
Till Jesus with his angels comes,
And Michael's trump shall sound.

Then we shall mount on wings of love
And meet in realms on high,
And saints and angels join in praise
Through all eternity.

S. M.

ISRAEL the desert trod,
 Sustain'd by pow'r divine,
 While wondrous mercy mark'd the road
 With many a mystic sign.

When Moses gave the stroke,
 From Horeb's flinty side
 Issued a river, and the rock
 The Hebrew's thirst supplied

But O ! what nobler themes
 Does gospel grace afford !
 From Calv'ry spring superior streams—
 There hung the smitten Lord !

Of ev'ry hope bereft,
 Sinners, to Jesus go ;
 Behold the Rock of Ages cleft
 And living currents flow.

Here may our spirits bathe,
 Here may our joys abound !
 Till (pass'd the wilderness and death),
 We tread celestial ground.

H's

No name among angels nor men is so bright,
 As is the name Jesus, the Father's delight ;
 The joy of his children, they speak of this name,
 And sweetly its praises in songs they proclaim.

In all Christian churches this name is ador'd
 As their shield and their glory with cheerful accord ;
 And there 'tis declared the help of distress'd,
 The hope of the hopeless and ease of oppress'd.

The church of the first-born, with angels of light,
Shall sound forth its praises with endless delight,
But fully unfolded it can be by none,
Save Jesus among them, the Father's own Son.

C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

There gen'rous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er these wide, extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest!
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest!

Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
 Would here no longer stay ;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

C. M.

LET not your hearts with anxious thoughts
 Be troubled or dismay'd :
 But trust in God, your Father's care,
 And trust my gracious aid.

I to my Father's house return ;
 There num'rous mansions stand
 And glory manifold abounds
 Through all the happy land.

I go your entrance to secure,
 And your abode prepare ;
 Regions unknown are safe to you,
 When I, your Friend, am there.

Thence shall I come, when ages close,
 To take you home with me ;
 There shall we meet to part no more
 Where sorrows ne'er shall be.

I am the Way, the Truth, the Life :
 No son of human race,
 But such as I conduct and guide,
 Shall see my Father's face.

C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Pour'd from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

O Lamb of God ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd sons of God
Be sav'd—to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

And when this lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.

P. M.

Let others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great ;
In the proud list her heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state ;
Descended from the King of Kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Own me an heir divine ;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine ;
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

Content, obscure, I pass my days,
 To all I meet unknown,
 And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
 And seat me near thy throne :
 No name, no honors here I crave,
 Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.

Jesus, my elder brother, lives ;
 With him I, too, shall reign ;
 Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
 Shall make the promise vain :
 In him my title stands secure,
 And shall while endless years endure.

When he, in robes divinely bright,
 Shall once again appear,
 Thou, too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
 And his full image bear :
 Enough !—I wait th' appointed day—
 Bless'd Saviour, haste and come away !

L. M.

EARTH has a joy unknown in heav'n—
 The new-born joy of sins forgiv'n !
 Tears of such pure and deep delight,
 O angels ! never dimm'd your sight.

You saw of old, on chaos rise
 The beauteous pillars of the skies ;
 You know where morn exulting springs,
 And evening folds her drooping wings ,

Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
 Abroad his errands you fulfil ;
 Or, thron'd in floods of beamy day
 Symphonious in his presence play.

Loud is the song—the heav'nly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain ;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine ;
You on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine shall bear.

C. M.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope.
Or spark of glimm'ring day

With pitying eye the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief :
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.

Down from his shining throne above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O ! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys ;
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

C. M.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

What though the first man's sin requires
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his foll'wers must.

There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away!

Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall take us home.

P. M.

When the King of kings comes,
When the Lord of lords comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see the nations broken down,
And kingdoms once of great renown,
And saints now suff'ring wear the crown.
When the King of kings comes.

When the trump of God calls,
When the last of foes falls;
We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of kings comes :
To see the saints rais'd from the dead
And all together gathered,
And made like to their glorious Head,
 When the King of kings comes.

When the foe's distress comes,
When the churches' rest comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of kings comes :
To see the New Jerusalem;
Its fulness and its matchless frame,
Surpassing all report and fame,
 When the King of kings comes.

When the world's course is run,
When the judgment is begun ;
We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of kings comes :
To see the sons of God well known,
All spotless to their Father shown,
And Jesus all his brethren own,
 When the King of kings comes

When the Lord of heav'n comes,
When the host of heav'n comes ;
We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of kings comes .

To see the righteous cause prevail;
And all debates decided well,
And all mouths stopp'd which lies do tell,
When the King of kings comes.

When our Lord in clouds comes,
When he with great power comes,
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes :
To see all things by him restor'd,
And God himself alone ador'd
By all the saints with one accord,
When the King of kings comes.

L. M.

ON SION'S glorious summit stood
A num'rous host redeem'd by blood ;
They hymn'd their King in strains divine
I heard the song, and strove to join.

Here all who suffer'd sword or flame
For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.

While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss forever new.
Rise in succession to their view.

Here Mary and Manasseh view;
The dying thief, and Abrah'm too ;
With equal love their spirits flame,
The same their joy, their song the same.

O sweet employ to sing and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity!

O what a sweet, exalted song,
When ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,
Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there!

My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And praise my great Redeemer there.

C. M.

Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes!
The former seas have pass'd away,
The former earth and skies.

From heav'n the new Jerus'lem comes,
All worthy of its Lord;
See all things now at last renew'd,
And Paradise restor'd.

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing;
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!

The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
He dwells with men; his people they,
And he his people's God.

His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye ;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears
And death itself shall die.

O may we stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
With blessings on our head !

C. M.

How bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their bright array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they from suff'rings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb that sits upon the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Celestial land ! could our weak eyes
But half thy charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more :

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no place obtains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns !

No cloud these blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of ev'ry woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints in glory reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

Yet tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

When I ascend where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Can fright me from the shore.

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee !
When will my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been;
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die, and go from hence.

Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

Jesus, my love, to glory's gone;
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

8's, 6's.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given;
There is a tear for souls distress'd,
A balm for ev'ry wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heav'n.

There is a home for weary souls,
 By sins and sorrows driven ;
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 When storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heav'n.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart with anguish riven ;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 Sees ev'ning shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heav'n.

There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
 Appears the dawn— of heav'n.

L. M.

Not all the nobles of the earth,
 Who boast the honors of their birth,
 Such real dignity can claim,
 As those who bear the christian name.

To them the privilege is giv'n
 To be the sons and heirs of heav'n ;
 Sons of God, who reigns on high,
 And heirs of God beyond the sky.

On them, a happy, chosen race,
 Their Father pours his richest grace ;
 To them his counsels he imparts,
 And stamps his image on their hearts.

Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heav'n above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

If I've the honor, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow
To call thee Abba, Father, too.

So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love;
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

7's.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live,
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

C. M.

Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord
To sing, that God is love.

This precious truth his word declares
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
To show that God is love.

Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
 Thunders his dreadful name !
 But Zion sings, in melting notes,
 The honors of the Lamb.

In all his doctrine and commands,
 His counsels and designs,
 In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd,
 His love supremely shines.

Angels and men the news proclaim,
 Through earth and heav'n above,
 The joyful and transporting news,
 That God the Lord is love !

L. M.

We've no abiding city here ;
 This may distress the worldling's mind
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

We've no abiding city here ;
 Sad truth were this to be our home ;
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here ;
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.

We've no abiding city here ;
 We seek a city out of sight ;
 Zion its name ; we'll soon be there ;
 It shines with everlasting light.

Zion! Jehovah is her strength;
Secure she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

O sweet abode of peace and love!
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd flee to thee and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine
And his to fix my time of rest.

G's, S's.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stay'd,
My heart and my treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

*That blissful place is my father-land;
By faith its delights I explore;
Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.*

There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell;
For there is the palace of God!

There is a place where my friends are gone
Who suffer'd and worshipp'd with me;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.

There is a place where I hope to live
 When life and its labors are o'er,
 A place which the Lord to me will give,
 And then I shall sorrow no more.

That blissful place, &c

C. N

Joy is a fruit that will not grow
 In nature's barren soil;
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,
 Is vanity and toil.

A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
 A sense of pard'ning love,
 A hope that triumphs over death,
 Give joys like those above.

To take a glimpse within the veil,
 To know that God is mine,
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakable—divine!

These are the joys which satisfy
 And sanctify the mind,
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.

No more, believer, mourn thy lot;
 O thou who art the Lord's!
 Resign to those who know him not
 Such joys as earth affords.

S. M

O WHERE shall rest be found—
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole,

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone.

C. M.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love his Son.

But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace :
No wanton lip, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame ;
And none shall gain admittance there
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

C. M.

THERE is a world of perfect bliss
Above the starry skies ;
Oppress'd with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift my eyes.
'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within ;
The mind, with guilt no more oppress'd,
Is tranquil and serene.

Discord and strife are banish'd thence,
Distrust and slavish fear ;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.

Farewell to earth and earthly things :
In vain they tempt my stay ;
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away.

C. M.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart ;
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

Then to the shining realms of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of Paradise
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to his name,
Employ their tuneful tongues.

Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire,
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heav'nly choir.

C. M.

THERE is an hour of hallow'd peace
For those with care oppress'd,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hush'd to rest.

'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

S. M.

ALL you that have confess'd
That Jesus is the Lord,
And to his people join'd yourselves,
According to his word:—

In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake ;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
Of all her joys partake.

She must employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care ;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your pray'r.

With humbleness of mind,
Among her sons rejoice ;
A meek and quiet spirit is
With God of highest price.

Never offend, nor grieve
Your brethren by the way ;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

In all your Saviour's ways
With willing footsteps move ;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with him above.

C. M.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

6 times 8.

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
And immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord pours eyesight on the blind:
The Lord supports the fainting mind,
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he gives me breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 And immortality endures.

S's, G's.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my wand'ring heart
 All taken up in thee!
 O may I daily live to prove
 The sweetness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.

God only knows the love of God;
 O may it now be shed abroad
 To cheer my fainting heart!
 I want to feel that love divine;
 This heav'nly portion, Lord, be mine—
 Be mine this better part.

O that I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
 To hear the bridegroom's voice.

O that I might with happy John
 Recline my weary head upon
 The blest Redeemer's breast!
 From care, and fear, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.

7's, S's.

THERE'S a land of pleasure,
Where peace and joy for ever roll ;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul :
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray ;
But since the Saviour found me,
A lamp has shone along my way.

My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God,
And like a faithful soldier,
I'll march along the heav'nly road :
Now I must gird my sword on,
My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,
And fight the host of Satan,
Until I reach the heav'nly field.

Jordan shall not affright me,
Although 'tis deeper than the grave ;
If Jesus stand beside me,
I'll smoothly ride upon its wave :
His word has calm'd the ocean,
His word has cheer'd the gloomy vale ;
O may this friend be with me
When through the gates of death I sail.

Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll :

Then we shall see the Saviour
 With shining ranks of angels come,
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his ransom'd people home.

L. M.

My God, my heart with love inflame,
 That I may in thy holy name
 Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
 While I have breath to raise my voice.

No more let my ungrateful heart
 One moment from thy praise depart;
 But live and sing, in sweet accord,
 The glories of my sov'reign Lord.

Jesus! thou hope of glory, come,
 And make my heart thy constant home;
 Through all the remnant of my days,
 O let me speak and live thy praise!

In thine embrace I then would die,
 And rise to worlds of endless joy,
 When Christ the Lord in clouds shall come,
 And Michael's trump shall rend my tomb.

S's, 7's.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee,
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,—
 Thou from hence my all shalt be!
 Perish'd ev'ry fond ambition—
 All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition—
 God and heav'n are all my own!

Go, ~~then~~, earthly fame and treasure ;
Come, disaster, scorn and pain ;
In thy service pain is pleasure ;
With thy favor, loss is gain ;
I have call'd thee, Abba, Father ;
I have set my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather ;
All must work for good to me !

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear ;
Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what heavenly bliss is thine ;
Think that Jesus died to save thee ;
Child of heav'n canst thou repine !

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer ;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there ;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

7's.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was'born ;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown the day;
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

S's, 7's, 4's.

GUIDE me, O thou great Messiah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak but thou art mighty;
Hide me with thy powerful hand,
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of deaths, and grave's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

C. M.

My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
The comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way
To meet my dearest Lord.

G's, 4's.

Now I have found a friend,
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine.

Though earthly joys decrease ;
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace ;
Jesus is mine.

Though I grow poor and old,
He will my faith uphold,
 Jesus is mine ;
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy,
 Jesus is mine !

When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
 Jesus is mine.
O! what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
 Jesus is mine.

Farewell mortality,
Welcome eternity !
 Jesus is mine.
He my Redemption is,
Wisdom and Righteousness
Life, Light. and Holiness,
 Jesus is mine.

Songs of Exhortation.

S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song.
Of Moses and the Lamb !
Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name !

Sing of his dying love!
Sing of his rising pow'r!
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore!

Sing on your heav'nly way
You ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ, the glorious King.

Soon shall you hear him say,
"You blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call you hence away
And take his pilgrims home.

C. M.

BEHOLD what witnesses unseen
Encompass us around,
Men once like us with suff'rings tried,
But now with glory crown'd.

Let us, with zeal like theirs inspir'd,
Pursue the Christian race;
And, freed from each encumb'ring weight,
Their holy footsteps trace.

Behold a witness, nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path—
Jesus, at once the finisher
And author of the faith.

He for the joy before him set
(So gen'rous was his love,)
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And now he roigns above.

If he the scorn of wicked men
With patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom he died
To murmur and complain ?

No—let our hearts no more despond,
Our hands be weak no more ;
Still let us trust our Father's love
His wisdom still adore.

C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of thy sheep
To thee for help we fly,
Thy little flock in safety keep ;
For O! the wolf is nigh.

He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay ;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm ;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

We laugh to scorn his cruel pow'r,
While by our Shepherd's side ;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree :
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die ;
And each a starry crown receive
And reign in worlds on high !

C. M.

For me, O did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die !
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the Lord, was crucified,
For man, the rebel's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

But tears of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

L. M.

And is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be :
The serpent blended with the dove—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to
To Jesus let us lift up our eyes, [strife,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

O how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

To do his heav'nly Father's will
Was his enjoyment and delight :
Humility, and love, and zeal,
Shone through his life divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love—
O ! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

But ah ! how blind, how weak we are !
How frail, how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care ;
O may thy Spirit be our guide !

Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be,
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Lord Jesus, daily more like thee.

C. M.

Go on, you pilgrims, while below,
In the sure path of peace,
Determin'd nothing else to know
But Jesus and his grace,

Observe your leader, follow him ;
He through this world has been
Often revil'd ; but like a lamb
Did ne'er revile again.

O! take the pattern he has giv'n,
And love your enemies ;
And learn the only way to heav'n
Through self-denial lies.

Remember you must watch and pray
While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

Contend for nothing but the fruit
That feeds th' immortal mind ;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
But leave them to the wind.

Go on rejoicing night and day ;
Your crown is yet before,
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

Soon we shall reach the promis'd land,
With all the ransom'd race,
And join with all the glorious band,
To sing redeeming grace.

There shall we meet to sing God's praise,
And all his wonders tell,
And triumph in redeeming grace ;
So, brethren, fare you well.

C. M.

PLANTED in Christ, the living vine
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

Joined in one body may we be :
One inward life partake ;
One be our heart ; one heav'nly hope
In every bosom wake.

In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide ;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

Around this feeble, trusting band
Thy sheltering pinions spread,
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fiercely on our head.

Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God be thine.

C. M.

How much the drooping hearts revive
Of those who fear the Lord,
When sinners dead are made alive
By his reviving word !

The servants of the Lord rejoice,
When souls receive the word—
When ransom'd sinners hear his voice,
Return and love the Lord.

The church of God their praises join,
And of salvation sing;
They glorify the grace divine
Of their victorious King.

In heav'n above, th' angelic throng
Around the throne rejoice;
But sinners sav'd should swell the song
With loudest, sweetest voice.

C. M.

SINCE I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear.
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I would smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

C. M.

Rise, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view those holy men,
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquer'd ev'ry foe;
And to his pow'r and matchless grace
Their crowns and honor owe.

Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast giv'n,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
Which led them safe to heav'n.

C. M.

Our souls are in the Saviour's hand,
And he will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand,
With him on Zion's hill.

Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
O! what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

O! what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array!
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns that ne'er decay!

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

Then let us hasten to the day
 When all shall be brought home :
 Come, O Redeemer! come away!
 O Jesus! quickly come!

11's.

I WOULD not live always: I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,
 The few cloudy mornings that dawn on us here,
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer

I would not live always: no—welcome the tomb,
 Since Jesus has lain there, I'll enter its gloom;
 There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live always away from his God—
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode:
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man asham'd of thee:
 Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glory shines through endless days

Asham'd of Jesus! Sooner far
 Let ev'ning blush to own a star:
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Asham'd of Jesus! Just as soon
Let morning be asham'd of noon :
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Asham'd of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

L. M.

LORD, we adore thy conq'ring grace,
Which crowns the gospel with success,
Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,
And bringing to the fold thy flock.

May those who have thy truth confess'd,
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
From day to day still more increase
In faith, in love, in holiness!

As living members may they share
'The joys and griefs which others bear,
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love,

From all temptations now defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end;
While in thy house they still improve,
Until they join the church above!

L. M.

COME, you that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow, happy road.

CHORUS.

*We're all united heart and hand,
Join'd in one band completely;
We're marching through Immanuel's land,
Where waters flow most sweetly.*

Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Though hell may rage and vent its spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

That happy day will soon appear,
When Michael's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth—yea, down to hell,
And call the nations great and small.

Behold the world in burning flames!
The trumpet louder still proclaims:
The world must hear and know her doom;
The separation day has come.

Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come,
While Christ the Judge these words proclaims,
"Here come my saints—I own their names!"

"You everlasting gates, fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride;
You harps of heav'n now sound aloud,
Here come the ransom'd by my blood!"

In grandeur see the royal line,
In glittering robes the sun outshine!
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne.

They stand, and wonder, and look on:
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their soul on fire.

C. M.

AWAKE, you saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise that sov'reign love
That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year!

Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

You wheels of nature, speed your course;
You mortal pow'rs decay;
Fast as you bring the night of death,
You bring eternal day.

P. M.

If life's pleasures charm you, give them not your heart,

Lest the gift ensnare you from your God to part ;

His favor seek, his praises speak ;

Fix here your hope's foundation ;

Serve him, and he will ever be

The Rock of your Salvation.

If distress befall you, painful though it be,

Let not grief appal you—to your Saviour flee ;

He ever near, your pray'r will hear,

And calm your porturbation ;

The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow

The Rock of your Salvation.

When earth's prospects fail you, let it not distress.

Better comforts wait you—Christ will surely bless ;

To Jesus flee—your prop he'll be,

Your heav'nly consolation ;

For griefs below cannot o'erthrow

The Rock of your Salvation.

Dangers may approach you, let them not alarm ;

Christ will ever watch you, and protect from harm.

He near you stands, with mighty hands

To ward off each temptation ;

To Jesus fly ; he's ever nigh,

The Rock of your Salvation.

Let not death alarm you, shrink not from his blow.

For your God shall arm you, and victory bestow ;

For death shall bring to you no sting,

The grave no desolation :

'Tis sweet to die, with Jesus nigh,

The Rock of your Salvation.

S. M.

ARISE, ye saints, arise !

The Lord our leader is ;

The foe before his banner flies,

For victory is his.

Lead on, almighty Lord,
Lead on to victory !
Encouraged by the bright reward,
With joy we'll follow thee.

We'll follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour and our King ;
We'll follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

We hope to see the day
When all our toils shall cease ;
When we shall cast our arms away
And dwell in endless peace.

This hope supports us here,
It makes our burdens light ;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer
Till faith shall end in sight ;

Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more ;
And O, sweet thought ! for ever rest
On yonder peaceful shore !

S. M.

My soul, be on thy guard ;
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

O, watch, and fight, and pray ;
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down ;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

C. M.

THINK gently of the erring one !
O, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path,
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones !
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

Forget not, brother, thou hast sinn'd,
And sinful yet may be ;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

7's:

OfT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go ;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life

Onward, Christian, onward go ;
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Will you flee in danger's hour ?
Know you not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping heart be glad ;
March, in heav'nly armor clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long ;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
Soon shall every tear be dry :
Let not fears your course impede ;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward, then, to battle move ;
More than conqu'ror you shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian Soldier, onward go.

S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise !
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his beloved Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

S's, 7's.

DARK and thorny is the desert
Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
But beyond this vale of sorrow
Lie the realms of endless day.
Dear young soldiers do not murmur
At the troubles of the way;
Meet the tempest—fight with courage—
Never faint, but often pray.

He whose thunder shakes creation;
He that bids the planets roll;
He that rides upon the tempest.
And whose sceptre sways the whole—
Jesus, Jesus, will defend you;
Trust in him and him alone;
He has shed his blood to save you,
And will bring you to his throne.

There on flowery fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest,
Joy, and peace, and love, shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.

There ten thousand flaming seraphs
 Fly across the heavenly plain;
 There they sing immortal praises;
 Glory, glory is their theme.

But, methinks, a sweeter concert
 Makes the crystal arches ring,
 And a song is heard in Zion
 Which the angels can not sing;
 Who can paint those sons of glory,
 Ransomed souls that dwell on high,
 Who with golden harps for ever
 Sound redemption through the sky.

See the heavenly host in rapture
 Gazing on these shining bands;
 Wondering at their righteous garments,
 And the laurels in their hands;
 There upon the golden pavements,
 See the ransomed march along!
 While the splendid courts of glory
 Sweetly echo with their song!

10's, 11's, 12's.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;
Onward and upward still be thine endeavor,
The rest that remaineth endureth forever.

Fight the fight, Christian; Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian; heaven is before thee.
He who hath promised faltereth never;
O, trust in the love that endureth forever.

Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it repositeth;
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever:
O mount, when the work is done—praise God
 forever!

10's

BREATHE thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,
 And dwell not with stern anger on his fault :
 Restore the wanderer ! come one ; come all,
 The fallen aid ! you too may swerve and halt.

Send back the wanderer to the Saviour's fold—
 That were an action worthy of a saint ;
 But not in malice let the crime be told,
 Nor publish to the world the evil taint.

The Saviour suffers when his children slide ;
 Then is his holy name by men blasphemed !
 And he afresh is mocked and crucified,
 Even by those his bitter death redeemed.

Rebuke the sin, and yet in love rebuke,
 Feel as one member in another's pain ;
 Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,
 And mighty and eternal is thy gain.

L. M.

WHEN in the hour of lonely woe,
 I give my sorrows leave to flow,
 And anxious fear and dark distrust
 Weigh down my spirit to the dust.

When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
 Can heal the wounds the world has made,
 O this shall check each rising sigh,—
 My Saviour is forever nigh.

His counsels and upholding care ;
 My safety and my comfort are
 And he shall guide me all my days,
 Till glory crown the work of grace.

Evangelizing Songs.**H. M.**

Blow you the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound !
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb :
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim ,
The year of Jubilee is come :
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Propitiation made :
You weary spirits, rest,
You mournful souls, be glad :
The year of Jubilee is come :
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home

You slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive :
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus live ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

You bankrupt debtors, know
 The wondrous grace of heav'n ;
 Though sums immense you owe,
 A free discharge is giv'n :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

You who have sold for naught
 The heritage above,
 Shall have it back, unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace ;
 And, sav'd from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners home.

S's, 7's, 4's.

COME, you sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and pow'r ;
 He is able,
 He is willing—doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.

Come, you weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
“It is finish'd!”
Sinners, will not this suffice?

Lo! the rising Lord, ascending,
Pleads the virtue of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo to his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners now his love proclaim.

C. M.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

Come then with all your wants and wounds ;
Your ev'ry burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
A deep celestial spring !

Whoever will (O gracious word !)
May of this stream partake ;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake !

Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace !
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

C. M.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name ?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?

Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem 'the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

Since I must fight if I would reign :
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

C. M.

How free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God !
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of ev'ry blood.

The mightiest king, the meanest slave,
May his rich mercy taste ;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Come to the gospel feast.

None are excluded thence but those
Who do themselves exclude ;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.

Come, then, you men of ev'ry name,
Of ev'ry tribe and tongue :
What you are willing to receive
May unto you belong.

C. M.

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice :—

Ho ! all you hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind :

Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho ! you that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here may you quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Great God ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day :
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

C. M.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow ;
'Tis not confined to sex nor age,
The lofty nor the low.

Come all you wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

His doctrine is almighty love,
There's virtue in his name
To turn a raven to a dove,
A lion to a lamb.

Come, then, accept the offer'd grace,
And make no more delay ;
His love will all your guilt efface,
And soothe your fears away.

C. M.

THE King of heav'n his table spreads
And dainties crown the board ;
Not Paradise, with all its joys
Could such delights afford.

Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heav'n.

You hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come ;
Come from your most obscure retreat,
And grace shall find you room.

Millions of souls in glory now
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more still on the way
Around the board appear.

Yet are his heart and house so large
That millions more may come :
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

All things are ready : come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

L. M.

WHENE'ER a sinner turns to God,
With contrite heart and flowing eyes,
The happy news makes angels smile,
And tell their joys above the skies.

Well may the church below rejoice,
And echo back the heav'nly sound ;
This soul was dead, but now's alive ;
This sheep was lost, but now is found.

Glory to God, on high be giv'n,
For this unbounded love to men ;
Let saints below and saints above
In concert join the loud Amen !

L. M.

COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the proffer'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

Oppress'd with guilt, a heavy load,
O! come and spread your woes abroad,
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless thy kind inviting voice.

7's.

WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he has done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all this flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

Turn, he cries, O sinner, turn!
By his love your God makes known
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive,

If your death were his delight,
Would he thus to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

Sinners, turn while God is near!
He has left you nought to fear:
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands:
Cries, "You will not happy be,
No, you will not come to me;
Me, who life to none deny—
Why will you resolve to die?"

Can you doubt that God is love,
Who thus calls you from above?
Will you not his word receive?
Will you not his oath believe?
See, the suffering Lord appears:
Jesus weeps—believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry
"Why will you resolve to die?"

L. M.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
O hasten, sinner, to return!

Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n,
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

The living know that they must die,
Beneath the clods their dust must lie ;
Then, have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circle of the sun.

Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue :
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground

There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
O may we all receive thy grace,
And see with joy thy smiling face.

7's, 6's.

COME, tell me, wand'ring sinner,
Say whither do you roam,
O'er this wide world a stranger—
Have you no Saviour known ?

He calls you to his bosom,
But, ah ! you still delay :
He'll fit your soul for heaven,
And guide you in the way.

Now angels are attending
To waft the news above,
Your Saviour still presenting
The joys of pard'ning love ;

O ! come, accept the offer
Of pardon and free grace,
And own his mighty power
In songs of love and praise.

He will remove your sorrow,
And grace and peace bestow;
Then leave not till to-morrow
The joy he offers now.

This is the time accepted:
O may redeeming love,
No more by you rejected,
Your lasting solace prove.

L. M.

'To-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?

Make now your choice, and halt no more;
He now is waiting for the poor:
Say, now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

Fathers and sons for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

Matrons and maids, we look to you:
Are you resolv'd to perish, too?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down?

Once more we ask you in his name,
 (We know his love remains the same,)
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
 Say, will you come to Christ or no?

P. M.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
 The glad tidings of Salvation,
 Publishing to ev'ry creature,
 To the ruin'd sons of nature,

*Jesus reigns—he reigns victorious,
 Over heav'n and earth most glorious!
 Jesus reigns.*

See the royal banners flying,
 Hear the heralds loudly crying,
 "Rebel sinners, royal favor
 Now is offer'd by the Saviour."

Hear, O sons of wrath and ruin,
 Who have wrought your own undoing,
 Here are life and free salvation
 Offer'd to the whole creation.

'Twas for you that Jesus died,
 And for you was crucified,
 Conquer'd death, and rose to heaven;
 Endless life through him is given.

Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
 Come and purchase without money,
 Mercy like a flowing fountain
 Streaming from the holy mountain.

For this love let rocks and mountains,
 Silver streams and crystal fountains,
 Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
 Shout the great Messiah's praises.

Shout, you tongues of ev'ry nation,
To the bounds of the creation,
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion.

Shout, O Saints! make joyful mention,
Christ has purchas'd our redemption;
Angels, shout the joyful story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.

CHORUS—*Jesus reigns, &c.*

C. M.

ON ZION, his own holy mount,
God has a feast prepar'd,
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands
Have in the banquet shar'd.

Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows;
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance giv'n!
See rebels by adopting grace
Sit with the heirs of heav'n!

The pain'd, the sick, the dying now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The dainties of the board.

But O! what pleasant draughts unknown,
What dainties shall be giv'n,
When with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heav'n.

There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul ;
And springs of life, that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

S. M.

Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners come, without delay
And seek the Saviour's face.

Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay ?

Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And ev'ry promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

L. M.

Wisdom divine ordain'd the plan
To save rebellious, fallen man ;
Attend, you sons of men, give ear ;
The righteousness of God is near.

The Saviour sends the heralds forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
Go preach to all—to Israel first,
Believe, repent, and be immers'd.

In spirit Peter preach'd aloud
To the astonish'd, list'ning crowd ;
Convinc'd, they cry—What shall we do
To escape from everlasting woe ?

Reform, he cried—in Jesus' name
Be all immers'd, despise the shame;
Remission full the Lord will give,
The spirit, too, you shall receive.

This is the way ordain'd by God
To enter his divine abode—
His church on earth—come, enter in,
No longer serve the tyrant, sin.

Haste and escape the threat'ning storm,
Believe in Jesus, and reform;
Rise, be immers'd without delay,
And wash your num'rous sins away.

L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest;
You need not one be left behind,
For God has bidden all mankind.

Hark! 'tis the Saviour's gracious call,
The invitation is to all;
Come, all the world—come, sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.

Come, all you souls by sin oppress'd,
You weary wand'ers after rest;
You poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

The message, as from God, receive,
You all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to call in vain.

This is the time—no more delay ;
The Saviour calls you all to-day :
O may his call effectual prove !
Accept the offers of his love !

7's, 6's.

Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go !
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe ?
All your sins will round you crowd,
Your sins of crimson dye ;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply ?

Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose ?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes ?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When judgment he'll proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame ?

Though your hearts be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass :
Sinners then in vain will call,
Who now despise his grace,
"Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
And hide us from his face !"

But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know ;
Though his arm be lifted up,
He still withholds the blow ;
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come ;
None who come shall be denied,
He says, "There still is room."

7's.

SINNERS, turn—why will you die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why :
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

Sinners, turn—why will you die ?
Christ, your Saviour, asks you why .
He, who did your souls retrieve,
He, who died that you might live.

Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why—you ransom'd sinners—why
Will you slight his grace and die ?

Will you not his grace receive ?
Will you still refuse to live ?
Oh ! you dying sinners, why—
Why will you for ever die ?

7's.

COME, you weary sinners, come—
All who feel your heavy load ;
Jesus calls the wand'ers home ;
Hasten to your pard'ning God.

Come, you guilty souls, oppress'd,
 Answer to the Saviour's call;
 Come, and I will give you rest;
 Come, and be deliver'd all,

Hear the great Redeemer call;
 Cease to heave the plaintive sigh
 Let not guilt or fear enthrall;
 Come, and you shall never die.

If by sin you are oppressed,
 Hear the Saviour's gracious call;
 Come, and He will give you rest,
 Come! and be obedient all.

11's.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee,
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
 Redemption is purchas'd—salvation is free.

Delay not, delay not! why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord!
 A fountain is open'd; how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleans'd in his pard'ning blood

Delay not, delay not! O sinner, to come;
 For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

Delay not, delay not! the Spirit of grace,
 Long griev'd and resisted, entreats thee to come;
 Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,
 And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom.

Delay not, delay not ! the hour is at hand,
 The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade,
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall
 stand ;

What pow'r, then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid ?

7's.

SINNERS, come and taste with me
 Consolation rich and free,
 From our wealthy Father's board
 With the rarest dainties stored.

Wherefore should we feast alone ?
 God invites you ev'ry one ;
 All that come of free good will,
 Make the banquet sweeter still.

Come, O come to mercy's door ;
 Christ receiveth all the poor ;
 Jesus gives a glorious share ;
 To his banquet, then, repair.

S's, 7's, 4's.

WHAT, poor sinner, means this sadness ?

Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?

Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness,

Bid thy restless fears be gone ;

Look to Jesus,

And rejoice in his blest name.

Though ten thousand ills beset thee,

From without and from within,

Jesus never will forget thee ;

Only turn and follow him :

He is faithful

To perform his gracious word.

S's, 7's.

SINNERS, hear your Lord and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day ;
Turn from all your vain behaviour ;
O repent, return, obey !

O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife ;
Endless joy or endless anguish
Turns upon th' events of life.

Open, now, your case before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in ;
O receive him ! O adore him !
Take a full discharge from sin.

Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more ;
O you blind, you lame, you needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store !

S. M.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found,—

O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more

There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest
And ev'ry longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

And when the waves of ire,
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

C. M.

Lo! Wisdom stands with smiling face,
And courts us to her arms ;
Who can resist the wondrous grace,
And slight her powerful charms ?

She, gen'rous, holds out to our sight
Riches which shall endure ;
Nor sparkling rubies half so bright,
Nor finest gold so pure.

Eternal pleasures fill her train,
Pleasures that never cloy ;
Come, drink of bliss unmix'd with pain,
And taste celestial joy.

Immortal crowns she now displays
And thrones beyond the skies ;
Accept her blessings while she stays,
And seize the glorious prize.

C. M.

Hol ye that thirst, a living fount
For you is open'd wide—
The fount that gush'd on Calv'ry's mount
From our Redeemer's side.

Come, seek salvation through the blood
So freely pour'd for you ;
O leave the broad and downward road
That leads to endless woe.

Come, ye who long in vain have sought
True happiness to find,
In all the joys of earth there's naught
Can fill th' immortal mind.

Come, and partake the blessed feast
That Christ for you has spread ;
Not all the treasures of the east
Can buy this living bread.

Come, join the humble, happy band,
That sing redemption's lay ;
With them, united heart and hand,
Pursue the heav'nly way.

C. M.

RETURN, O wand'rer, now return !
And seek thy Father's face ;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

Return, O wand'rer, now return !
He hears thy humble sigh !
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

Return, O wand'rer, now return !
Thy Saviour bids thee live ;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

Return, O wand'rer, now return!
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn,
'Tis love invites thee near.

C. M.

Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry humble guest.

See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore:
Approach—there yet is room.

S's, 7's, 4's.

COME, you poor and thirsty sinners,
To the living waters come ;
Jesus bids you come and welcome,
And declares he'll cast out none ;
Give him credit ;
He's Jehovah's faithful Son !

Hearken to the Bride and Spirit,
Seize the promises divine ;
Without money, price, or merit,
Buy of Jesus milk and wine ;
His rich bounty
Freely take : he makes it thine.

Wherefore toil ye still for nothing,
Spend your strength and treasure too ?
Joyfully receive the blessing
Which his lib'ral hands bestow ;
All his goodness
Let your souls delight to know.

11's.

Why stand you here idle, my friends, all the day ?
Your moments, so fleeting, will soon pass away ;
All things are provided for sinners undone,
And you are invited and welcome to come.

Here mercy and pardon, here love and free grace ;
Here strong consolation, here great joy and peace.
Here hope for the hopeless—the weary find rest ;
Here all things are plenty for sinners distress'd.

Here wine, milk, and honey, are plenty in store,
Sufficient for thousands, yea, millions, and more,
Here balm for the wounded, here strength for the
weak ;
Here cordials divine are prepared for the sick.

Here armor and weapons for soldiers to wield;
 A breastplate, a helmet, a sword and a shield;
 The poor receive riches, a crown for the head,
 Eternal salvation and life from the dead.

O come, all ye needy, ye poor and distress'd,
 Partake of his grace, and then ever be bless'd;
 O come without money to Jesus and buy;
 Then love him, and praise him, for ever on high.

11's.

THE Lord is the fountain of goodness and love,
 Which flowing in Eden, in streams from above,
 Refresh'd ev'ry moment the first happy pair
 Till sin stopp'd the current and brought in despair.

O wretched condition! what anguish and pain;
 They thirst for the fountain, and seek it in vain;
 To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief;
 They drink, but the draught still increases their
 grief.

Glad tidings! glad tidings! no more we complain!
 Our Jesus has open'd the fountain again:
 Now mingled with mercy, and rich with free
 grace,
 From Zion 'tis flowing to all the lost race.

How happy the prospect! how pleasant the road,
 When led down the stream by the angel of God;
 Though shallow at first, yet we find it at last
 A river so boundless it cannot be pass'd.

Come, sinners! poor sinners! 'tis boundless and
 free,
 In Eden once flowing 'twas open'd for thee,
 This water has virtue to heal all complaints;
 Come, drink, ye distress'd, and rejoice with the
 saints.

Say not—"I'm a sinner and must not partake;"
For this very reason the Lord bids you take;
Say not—"Too unworthy, the vilest of all;"
For *such*, not the *righteous*, the Lord came to call.

Come, all the dead sinners, here life you may find;
Come, all ye poor beggars, ye halt, and ye blind;
The Spirit invites you, the Bride bids you too;
Come, call all your neighbors, they're welcome with
you.

C. M.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instructions warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than all the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

She guides our youth with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

L. M.

BROAD is the road that leads to death ;
 And thousands walk together there ;
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveller.

"Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
 Is the Redeemer's great command ;
 I there must count all things but loss,
 If I would gain this heav'nly land.

The fearful soul that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Brings deep reproach on all the saints
 And makes his own destruction sure,

Lord, let my hopes be not in vain,
 Create my heart entirely new ;
 This hypocrites did ne'er attain ;
 This vile apostates do not know.

8's, 7's, 4's.

HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you ;
 Now with sweetest voice she calls ;
 Bids you haste—accept the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls :
 Hear, O sinner—
 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

See the storm of vengeance gath'ring
 O'er the path you dare to tread ;
 The reward which God is meas'ring,
 Soon shall fall upon your head ;
 Turn, O sinner,
 Lest the lightning strike you dead.

Haste and flee to Christ the Saviour;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life must pass away;
Haste, O sinner,
You must perish if you stay.

12's, 11's, 8's.

THE Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way;
The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

And now through the darkness of earth's gloomy
regions,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime;
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet, hosannas to raise;
"Hail, Son of the Highest! let ev'ry knee, bending,
Adore thee with off'rings of praise.

"Thy sword and thy buckler shall save and deliver
The poor and the needy, from foes that assail,
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish for ever
The Prince and the legions of hell.

"Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour;
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

"Ride on, till the compass of thy great dominion,
The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole ;
And mankind, cemented with friendship and union,
Obey thee with heart and with soul.

"Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise,
And heaven shall echo the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious lays."

11's.

O TURN you ! O turn you, for why will you die,
When God in his mercy is coming so nigh ?
Now Jesus invites you, the spirit says come,
The brethren are waiting to welcome you home.

How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away ;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
Here streams of salvation are flowing most free.

Here Jesus is ready your souls to receive ;
O, how can you question, since now you believe ?
Since sin is your burden, why will you not come ?
He now bids you welcome—he now says there's
room.

In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
To sooth your affliction or banish your pain ;
To bear up your spirits when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high ?

Why will you be starving and feeding on air ?
There's mercy in Jesus enough and to spare ;
If still you are doubting make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

L. M.

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above ;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

This remedy did Wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This Sov'reign balm whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

This gospel bids the dead revive ;
Sinners obey the voice and live,
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light ;
Our lusts its wondrous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb,
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

Still may his grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too,
The word that saves me, does engage,
A sure defence from all their rage.

S's, 7's.

SINNER, seek the priceless treasure,
Offered without price from God ;
Here is mercy without measure
Flowing in the Saviour's blood.

Come, then to the fount of healing,
Come, and prove its virtues true ;
Turn not from love's sweet appealing,
Jesus shed his blood for you !

Come, begin the race for heaven,
Start to-day, O do not wait ;
Now's the time that God has given,
Sinner, do not be too late :
When the door of mercy closes,
You will stand and knock in vain ;
For, when justice interposes,
Mercy will not call again !

L. M.

O LOVE, beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast, stupendous plan,
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man.

There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her right maintains—
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too ;
In Christ they both harmonious meet ;
He paid to justice all her due ;
And now he fills the mercy seat.

L. M.

" COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heav'nly home.

"They shall find rest who learn of me
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
 But passion rages like the sea,
 And pride is restless as the wind.

"Blest is the man whose shoulders take
 My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
 My yoke is easy to the neck ;
 My grace shall make the burden light"
 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
 With faith and hope and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

L. M.

WAND'ERER from God, return, return,
 And seek an injur'd Father's face ;
 Those warm desires, that in thee burn,
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

Wand'rer from God, return, return ;
 Thy Father hears the deep-felt sigh ;
 He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn ;
 And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.

Wand'rer from God, return, return ;
 Renounce thy fears ; thy Saviour lives ;
 Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
 How freely, fully, he forgives.

7's.

YE who in his courts are found
 List'ning to the joyful sound,
 Lost and hopeless as ye are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
 Glorify the King of kings ;
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

Turn to Christ your longing eyes ;
View his bleeding sacrifice ;
See in him your sins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holiness, and heav'n ;
Glorify the King of kings ;
Take the peace the gospel brings,

7's.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravish'd ear!—
“Love's redeeming work is done ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

“Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burden's groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid ;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

“Spread for thee, the festal board
See the richest dainties stor'd ;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Yet again a child confess'd,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

“Soon the days of life shall end ;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.”

S's, T's A's.

SINNERS will you scorn the message

Sent in mercy from above ?

Ev'ry sentence, O how tender

Ev'ry line is full of love ;

Listen to it ;

Ev'ry line is full of love.

Hear the heralds of the gospel

News from Zion's King proclaim :

" Pardon to each rebel sinner ;

Free forgiveness in his name : "

O how gracious !

" Free forgiveness in his name. "

Who hath our report believed ?

Who receiv'd the joyful word ?

Who embrac'd the news of pardon ?

Offer'd to you by the Lord ?

Can you slight it,

Offer'd to you by the Lord ?

O ye angels, hov'ring round us,

Waiting spirits, speed your way ;

Haste ye to the court of heav'n ;

Tidings bear without delay :

Rebel sinners

Glad the message will obey.

T's.

WEEPING sinners, dry your tears ;

Jesus on the throne appears ;

Mercy comes with balmy wing,

Bids you his salvation sing.

Peace he brings you by his death.

Peace he speaks with ev'ry breath ;

Can you slight such heav'nly charms ?

Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.

S. M.

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And light and life convey.

But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

8's, 4's.

HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through all the earth the echo bounds!
For Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God;
And guides them safely by his word,
To endless day.

Hail! all victorious, conq'ring Lord!
Be thou by all thy works ador'd!
Who undertook for sinful men,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might ever reign
In endless day.

Fight on, you conqu'ring souls, fight on
Until the conquest you have won!
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear
In endless day.

There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

L. M.

ALL other sounds discordant seem,
Compar'd with mercy's heav'nly song;
So sweet and joyful is the theme;
It bears our willing souls along.

O may we never cease to hear
The voice that gives our conscience rest
That dissipates our guilty fear,
And tells us we are truly blest.

May mercy still remove our fear,
And bind our souls with chords of love!
Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,
And gives us hope of joys above.

C. M.

"Come unto me," the Saviour cries,
All ye by sin oppress'd;
Confess my name before the world,
And I will give you rest

Assume my mild and easy yoke,
And by obedience prove
Your heart's devotion to my cause,
Your gratitude and love.

In meekness strive to do my will,
All other teachers flee ;
Lay ev'ry earthly trust aside,
And learn alone of me.

The stores of wisdom all are mine,
And to each trustful heart,
Treasures of knowledge, deep and pure,
I gladly will impart.

I am of meek and lowly heart,
And those who follow me
Must cast all lofty pride away,
And learn humility.

Through life, then, humbly follow on ;
In death, lean on my breast ;
Fear not the dark and gloomy grave,
Beyond it lies your rest.

S's.

How shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare ?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are ?

His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace—
No—this is a secret unknown.

In him all the fullness of God
For ever transcendently shines !
Though once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs.

Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

O sinners ! believe and adore
This Saviour so rich to redeem !
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.

Come, all you who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're toss'd ;
Obey, and your peace shall begin.

He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste :
Here's pardon, here's grace—yea, and more,
Here's glory eternal at last.

L. M.

O, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eye against the light ;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart :
Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?

To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long deluded sight ;
This is the time ; O, then be wise !
Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?

Our God in pity lingers still ;
And wilt thou thus his love requite ?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will :
Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?

Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite ;
Then be the work of grace begun ;
Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?

C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve :—

I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Has like a mountain rose ;
His kingdom now I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

Humbly I'll bow at his command,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll own I am a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

Surely he will accept my plea,
For he has bid me come ;
Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee,
For yet, he says, there's room.

I cannot perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try :
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

9's, 8's.

All you that are weary and sad—come !
 And you that are cheerful and glad—come
 In robes of humility clad—come !
 The Saviour invites you to-day.

CHORUS.

Let youth in its freshness and bloom—come
 Let man in the pride of his noon—come !
 Let age on the verge of the tomb—come !
 Let none in his pride stay away.

Let the halt, and the maimed, and the blind—
 Let all who are freely inclined—come ! [come !
 With an humble and peaceable mind—come !
 Away from the waters of strife.

The Spirit and Bride freely say—Come !
 And let him that heareth it, say—Come !
 And let him that thirsteth to-day—Come !
 And drink of the fountain of life.

8s, 7s, 4s.

LISTEN to the gospel, telling
 How the Lord was crucified ;
 How upon the cross he suffer'd,
 When he bowed his head and died,
 All for sinners !

Come, then, to his bleeding side.

Listen to the gospel calling !
 Hear, O sinner, and obey !
 Come to Jesus, he will save you !
 Now, no longer, stay away ;
 He invites you ;
 Sinner, then, make no delay

Listen to the gospel pleading,
Hasten, sinner, to arise ;
Come and cast yourself on Jesus,
He, to none, his love denies ;
Trust him freely,
Wait no longer ; now be wise.

Listen to the gospel blessing
All who trust the Saviour's love ;
And to those who now obey him,
Bringing pardon from above :
Careless sinner,
Will you still refuse to move ?

Listen to the gospel warning ;
All who stay away must die ;
Come, then, while all things are ready,
Mercy calls you from on high :
Come and welcome,
Hear, O hear, the Saviour cry !

6's, 4's.

To-day the Saviour calls :
Ye wand'ers, come :
O, ye benighted souls
Why longer roam ?

To-day the Saviour calls ;
O, hear him now ;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

To-day the Saviour calls ;
For refuge fly ;
The storm of vengeance falls,
And death is nigh.

The Spirit calls to-day ;
Yield to his power ;
O, grieve him not away ;
'Tis mercy's hour.

P. M.

WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love,
Ye wand'ers from God, in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?
Will you go, will you go,
O say will you go to the Eden above ?

In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish,
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified move,
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?
Will you go, etc.

Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove ;
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression,
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?
Will you go, etc.

March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove ;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, we will go ;
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move ;
O come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

S's, G's, 4's.

SINNERS, come, no longer wander,
Turn you from your evil way,
Precious time no longer squander,
Come, come away.

Christ for you his life has offer'd,
What can you excusing say,
If you slight the pardon proffer'd?
Come, come away.

Hold not back in hesitation,
There is danger in delay,
Haste, secure your soul's salvation,
Come, come away.

You may feel regret and sorrow,
If you fail to come to-day,
God may grant you no to-morrow,
Come, come away.

Faith.

L. M.

God calling yet!—shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

God calling yet!—shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still: can I delay?

God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

God calling yet!—and shall I give
 No heed, but still in bondage live?
 I wait, but he does not forsake;
 He calls me still!—my heart, awake!
 God calling yet! I can not stay;
 My heart I yield without delay;
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
 The voice of God hath reached my heart!

L. M.

LET thoughtless thousands choose the road
 That leads the soul away from God;
 This happiness, blest Lord, be mine,
 To live and die entirely thine.

On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
 From him my life, my all receive;
 To him devote my fleeting hours,
 Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.

Christ is my everlasting all;
 To him I look, on him I call;
 He will my ev'ry want supply
 Through time and in eternity.

Soon will the Lord, my life, appear
 Soon shall I end my trials here;
 Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain;
 To live is Christ, to die is gain.

C. M.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
 While they are slaves to lust!

How vain are fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead!
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

'Tis faith that purifies the heart ;
'Tis faith that works by love ;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

Faith must obey our Father's will,
As well as trust his grace ;
A pard'ning God requires us still
To walk in all his ways.

This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power,
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

C. M.

WELCOME, O Saviour ! to my heart ;
Possess thy humble throne ;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

The world and Satan I forsake—
To thee, I all resign ;
My longing heart, O Jesus ! take,
And fill with love divine.

O ! may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee ;
Let nothing here my heart divide—
I give it all to thee.

C. M.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares ;
It yields support in all our toils
And softens all our cares.

The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

Unveiling wide the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign,
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

C. M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe !—

That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God.

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That when in danger knows no fear
In darkness feels no doubt ;

That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Nor Satan's arts, beguile.

C. M.

And must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord, for thee ?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

Yes, let it go ; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair !

Saviour of souls ! while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

S. M.

Ah ! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro ?
Thou hast the words of endless life ;
Ah ! whither should I go ?

Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move ;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

Lord ! at thy feet I fall ;
 I long to be set free ;
 I fain would now obey the call,
 And give up all for thee.

C. M.

REJOICE, believers in the Lord,
 Who makes your cause his own ;
 The hope that's built upon his word
 Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,
 And feeble is your arm,
 Your life is hid in Christ your God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
 Or fainting shall not die ;
 Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
 Will aid you from on high.

As surely as he overcame,
 And triumph'd once for you ;
 So surely you that love his name
 Shall triumph in him too.

7's.

WHEN we cannot see our way,
 Let us trust, and still obey ;
 He who bids us forward go,
 Can not fail the way to show.

Though the sea be deep and wide,
 Though a passage seem denied ;
 Fearless let us still proceed,
 Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

Though it seems the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light;
Since the Lord himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

Night with him is never night,
Where he is, there all is light;
When he calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

Be it ours, then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear;
Where he calls us, there to go,
What he bids us, that to do.

S's G's.

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bidd'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll not repine;
For, as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

Though far from home, fatigu'd, oppress'd,
Here have I found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
Because I cling to thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

Though oft I seem to tread alone
 Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
 Thy voice of love in gentlest tone,
 Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

Though faith and hope are often tried
 I ask not, need not aught beside;
 So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
 The soul that clings to thee!

7's.

PEOPLE of the living God!
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found.

Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns a fugitive unblessed;
 Brethren! where you're altar burns,
 O receive me into rest.

Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;
 Earth can fill my heart no more,
 Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain or loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
 Welcome! poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.

"Follow me!"—I know thy voice,
 Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see;
 Now I take thy yoke by choice,
 Light thy burden now to me.

Repentance.**L. M.**

Just as I am—without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not,
 To rid my soul of one dark blot—
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 With fears within, and foes without—
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe—
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, thy love unknown,
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

L. M.

HEAR, gracious God! a sinners' cry,
 For I have nowhere else to fly;
 My hope, my only hope's in thee;
 O God, be merciful to me!

To thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at thy door :
Indeed, I've nowhere else to flee :
O God, be merciful to me !

To thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or speak,
From fear and weakness set me free ;
O God be merciful to me !

To thee I come, a sinner vile ;
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile !
Mercy alone I make my plea ;
O God, be merciful to me !

To thee I come, a sinner great,
And well thou knowest all my state,
Yet full forgiveness is with thee ;
O God, be merciful to me !

To thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I ought wherein to trust ;
But where thou art, Lord, I would be,
O God be merciful to me !

L. M.

LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.

For mortal crimes a sacrifice,
The Lord of life, the Saviour dies ;
What love ! what mercy ! how divine !
Jesus, and can I call thee mine ?

Repentant sorrows fill my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart.
O, may my future life declare
This sorrow and the joy sincere.

Be all my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repentant rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free;
May not a sinner trust in thee?

My crimes, though great, can not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

L. M.

A **BROKEN** heart, my God, my King;
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbl'd in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

O, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness

C. M.

REPENT! the voice celestial cries,
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

No more the sov'reign eye of God,
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

O sinners ! in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now
Nor trifle with his grace.

Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar ;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.

Amazing love—that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days !
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love and praise.

L. M. 6 lines

HERE is my heart—I give it thee !
My God, I heard thee call, and say,
“Not to the world, my child—to me !”
I heard thy voice and will obey :
Here is love's offering to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring.

Here is my heart!—so hard before,
But now by thy rich grace made meet ;
Yet bruised and sad, it can but pour
Its tears and anguish at thy feet :
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs salvation's joy to win.

Here is my heart!—its longings end
In Christ as near his cross it draws ;
It says, “Thou art my rest, my Friend,
Thy precious blood my ransom was ;”
In thee, the Saviour, it has found
That peace and blessedness abound.

C. M.

COME, let us to the Lord our God,
With contrite hearts return !
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him and rejoice :
His coming like the morn shall be ,
Like morning songs his voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground :

So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

C. M.

O how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns !

Pleased with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is filled with joy.

Well pleas'd the Father sees, and hears
The conscious sinner's moan ;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire ;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

7's.

Love for all ! and can it be ?
Can I hope it is for me ?
I, who stray'd so long ago,
Stray'd so far, and fell so low !

I, who spurn'd his loving hold,
I, who would not be controll'd
I, who would not hear his call,
I, the willful prodigal !

I, who wasted and misspent
Every talent he had lent ;
I, who sinned again, again,
Giving every passion rein !

To my Father can I go ?—
At his feet myself I'll throw,
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

See, my Father waiting stands ;
See, he reaches out his hands ;
God is love ! I know, I see,
Love for me—yes even me !

Immersion into Christ.**S. M.**

WITH willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod ;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely ;
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

We trust thy sacrifice ;
To thy dear cross we flee,
O, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

L. M.

COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who lov'd our race e'er time began,
Who veil'd his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread ;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

Immers'd by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his wat'ry grave,
Heav'n own'd the deed, approv'd the way,
And bless'd the place where Jesus lay.

Come, all who love his precious name ;
Come tread his steps and learn of him ;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

C. M.

O LORD, and will thy pard'ning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?

Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?

And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
With thee to be baptiz'd?

Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
Done by the Son of God?

O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

H. M.

REFORM, and be immers'd,
Says our redeeming Lord;
You all are now assur'd
That 'tis your Saviour's word;
Arise! arise without delay,
And his divine command obey

You sin-convicted race,
Now fall at Jesus' feet;
He'll save you through his grace;
Come, to his will submit;
And be immers'd without delay—
O come, and wash your sins away!

**Come, you believing train,
No more this truth withstand ;
No longer think it vain
To honor God's command ;
But haste, arise, without delay,
And come, and wash your sins away.**

**Jesus ! thou Prince of Peace !
To thy great name we pray ;
May converts to thy grace
This ordinance obey ;
And may thy love their souls allure,
Their peace and pardon to secure.**

L. M.

**'Twas the commission of our Lord,
' Go, teach the nations, and baptize ;'
The nations have received the word
Since he ascended to the skies.**

**He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands ;
And sends his cov'nant, with its seals,
To bless the distant pagan lands.**

**"Reform and be immers'd," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins,"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what the gospel means.**

**Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean ;
And through obedience to our God
Our souls are purified from sin.**

L. M.

DESCENDING down into the flood,
We his great suff'rings there behold,
Who in deep waters for us stood,
While floods of wrath upon him roll'd.

And when beneath the waters laid,
Our breath suspended in their womb,
We call to mind how Jesus died,
And buried lay within the tomb.

As from the wat'ry grave we rise,
We see him from death's prison freed,
Discharg'd from sin, crown'd with the prize
Of endless life for all his seed.

This sign does to our faith declare
Our part in him who once was dead;
For into death immers'd we are,
And with him buried as our head.

And as the Father's glorious power
Did life eternal to him give,
So by this pledge he makes us sure
That as he lives we'll also live.

C. M.

PROCLAIM, says Christ, my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men;
He that believes and is immers'd
Salvation shall obtain.

Let plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in his word,
This day have publicly declar'd
That Jesus is their Lord.

With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race ;
And through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

L. M.

COME, all you sons of God, and view
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you :
Behold him sink with heavy woes,
And give his life to save his foes.

Here in the pure baptismal wave,
You see the emblem of his grave ;
Come, all who would his laws obey,
And view the place where Jesus lay.

When from the wat'ry tomb restor'd,
Then call to mind your rising Lord ;
You saints, lift up your joyful eyes ;
Exulting, see your Saviour rise.

You, too, are buried with your Lord,
Who in the water own his word,
And joyfully receive therein
Remission of your former sin.

Ascending from the stream, behold
An emblem of his life restor'd ;
Hence live to him who died for you,
And all his just commandments do.

L. M.

COME, you redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey the sacred word :
He died and rose again for you—
What more could your Redeemer do ?

We to this place have come to show
 What we to boundless mercy owe :
 Your Saviour's footsteps to explore,
 And tread the path he trod before.

Almighty Lord, be present still,
 Thy ancient promise to fulfil,
 That they who on thy name believe
 May peace and pardon here receive.

L. M.

Do we not know that solemn word,
 That we are buried with the Lord ?
 Immers'd into his death, and then
 Put off the body of our sin ?

Our souls receive diviner breath,
 Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death ;
 So from the grave did Christ arise,
 And live to God above the skies.

No more let sin or Satan reign
 Within our mortal flesh again ;
 The various lusts we serv'd before
 Shall have dominion now no more.

S's, 7's.

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
 Hear the voice of revelation ;
 Tread the path that Jesus trod.

Hear the blest Redeemer call you ;
 Listen to his heav'nly voice ;
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice.

Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

L. M.

OUR Saviour bow'd beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a wat'ry grave;
Come see the sacred path he trod,
A path well pleasing to our God.
His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love;
And join our songs with songs above.
Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine!
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God! for sinners slain!

S. M.

HERE, Saviour, we would come,
In thine appointed way;
Obedient to thy high commands,
Our solemn vows we pay.
O, bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to thee;
And may we find that as our day
Our strength shall also be

C. M.

'Tis God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis he whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaim'd the Son divine.

The Father own'd him ; let our breath
In answ'ring praise ascend,
As in the image of his death,
We own our heav'nly Friend.

We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path he trod :
Receive us in the hallow'd wave,
Thou holy Son of God.

Let earth and heav'n our zeal record,
And future witness bear,
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

O that our conscious souls may own,
With joy's serene survey,
Inscrib'd upon his judgment throne,
The transcript of this day.

8's, 7's.

JESUS, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our Guide shalt be :
Thy commission we rely on ;
We would follow none but thee.

As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy vict'ry o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation,
Are immers'd beneath the wave.

Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new,

C. M.

BAPTIZ'D into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

There, by his Father's side he sits,
Enthron'd divinely fair,
Yet owns himself our Brother still,
And our Forerunner there.

Rise from these earthly trifles, rise,
On wings of faith and love;
Above, our choicest treasure lies,—
And be our hearts above.

But earth and sin will draw us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord may thy strong, attractive pow'
Lift up our souls on high.

C. M.

O LORD, we in thy footsteps tread,
With joy thy cause maintain;
Like Jesus number'd with the dead,
Like him we rise and reign.

Down to the hallow'd grave we go,
Obedient to thy word;
'Tis thus the world around shall know,
We're buried with the Lord.

'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in;
O may we rise to live anew
And only die to sin.

C. M.

LET plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declar'd
That Jesus is their Lord.

With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

L. M.

'TIS DONE; the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine :
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Rejoic'd to own the call divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest.
Here have I found a nobler part ;
Here heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.
High Heav'n, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

L. M.

LORD, am I thine—entirely thine ?
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine ?
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

Thee my new master now I call,
 And consecrate to thee my all ;
 Lord, let me live and die in thee ;
 And own me in eternity.

C. M.

MEEKLY in Jordan's flowing stream
 The great Redeemer bowed ;
 Bright was the glory's sacred beam
 That hushed the wond'ring crowd

Thus God descended to approve
 The deed that Christ had done ;
 Thus came the emblematic Dove,
 And hovered o'er the Son.

So, may thy promise come to-day
 To our baptismal scene :
 Let thoughts of earth be far away,
 And every mind serene.

This day we give to holy joy ;
 This day to heaven belongs !
 Raised to new life, we will employ
 In melody our tongues.

C. M.

THERE'S joy in heav'n, and joy on earth,
 When prodigals return,
 To see desponding souls rejoice,
 And haughty sinners mourn.

'Come, saints, and hear what God hath done,
 Is a reviving sound ;
 O may it spread from sea to sea,
 E'en all the globe around !

Often, O sov'reign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day,
That Jesus here may see his seed,
And Satan lose his prey !

Great God ! the work is all thine own ;
Thine be the praises too :
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Give thee the glory due.

C. M.

O WITH what pleasure we behold
Sinners to Canaan move,
Leaving the fleeting things of earth
For greater things above.

These, having openly confess'd
The great Immanuel's name,
With sacred pleasure we receive
As lovers of the Lamb.

Lord, may they ever live to thee,
And grow in heav'nly love !
Still may they fight the fight of faith,
Till crown'd with thee above.

L. M.

WELCOME, thou well belov'd of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood ;
Welcome with us thine hand to join,
As partner of our lot divine.

With us the pilgrim's state embrace—
We're trav'ling to a blissful place ;
The Spirit has made known the way,
In which we'll walk from day to day.

Take up thy cross and bear it on ;
It shall be light, and not be long ;
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

L. M.

Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born !

With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

L. M.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of him
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns, for us.

We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffer'd for us here below,
The path he mark'd for us to tread
And what he's doing for us now.

Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And long to see the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

L. M.

"Come in, thou blessed of the Lord ;"
O, come in Jesus' precious name ;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

Thy name, 'tis hoped, already stands
Within the book of life above ;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of fraternal love.

Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrow known ;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count each brother's case our own.

Once more our welcome we repeat ;
Receive assurance of our love ;
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

L. M.

BELIEVING souls, of Christ belov'd,
Who have yourselves to him resign'd,
You faith and practice, both approv'd,
A hearty welcome here shall find.

Now sav'd from sin and Satan's wiles,
Though by a scorning world abhorr'd,
Now share with us the Saviour's smiles;
Come in, ye ransom'd of the Lord.

In fellowship we join our hands,
And you an invitation give;
Unite with us in sacred bands;
The pledges of our love receive.

Do Thou, who art the church's Head,
This union with thy blessing crown;
And still, O Lord, revive the dead,
Till thousands more thy name shall own

C. M.

Ye men and angels, witness now,—
Before the Lord we speak,
To him we make our solemn vow,—
A vow we dare not break,—

That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart
Or ever quit the field.

We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to pray'rs,
Turn thou our pray'rs to praise.

L. M.

THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save—
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore
To find a tomb beneath its wave!

With thee into thy watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To share the grave of such a friend.

Yet as the yielding waves give way,
To let us see the light again,
So, on the resurrection day,
The bands of death proved weak and vain.

Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide:
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

L. M.

SEE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod;
And follow through his liquid grave
The meek, the lowly Son of God!

Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire,
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
They shine in clean and bright attire.

O sacred rite, by thee the name
Of Jesus we to own begin;
This is our resurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

Glory to God on high be given,
 Who shows his grace to sinful men ;
 Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
 In concert join their loud Amen.

C. M.

IN ALL my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue ;
 Hinder me not, you much lov'd saints,
 For I must go with you.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes ;
 Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.

Through trials and through sufferings too
 I'll go at his command :
 Hinder me not, for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.

And when my Saviour calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be,—
 Hinder me not—come, welcome death—
 I'll gladly go with thee.

S. M.

SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
 Thy pure example bless,
 And with a firm unway'ring zeal
 Would in thy footsteps press.

Not to the fiery pains
 By which the martyrs bled :
 Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross
 Our favored feet are led ;—

But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts,
We humbly offer here.

8's, 7's, 4's.

GRACIOUS Saviour, we adore thee;
Purchased by thy precious blood
We present ourselves before thee,
Now to walk the narrow road:
Saviour guide us—
Guide us to our heavenly home.

Thou didst mark our path of duty;
Thou wast laid beneath the wave;
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty,
From the semblance of the grave;
May we follow
In the same delightful way.

C. M.

BURIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain,
Like him be number'd with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

Now, blest Redeemer, we to thee
Our grateful voices raise:
Wash'd in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall be thy praise.

Additions to Congregations.

C. M.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
 And sav'd by grace alone :
 Walking in all his ways, they find
 Their heav'n on earth begun.
 The church triumphant in thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know :
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.
 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before thy throne ;
 We in the kingdom of thy grace :
 The kingdoms are but one.
 The holy to the holiest leads ;
 From thence our spirits rise ;
 And he that in thy statutes treads
 Shall meet thee in the skies.

S's, 7's.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze :
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace :
 Blessed jub'lee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary :
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night!
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer! never cease!
May thy lasting wide dominion
Multiply and still increase!
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

S's, 7's.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,
Springing from Eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage!
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hov'ring,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a cov'ring,
 Showing that the Lord is near :
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which he gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God :
 'Tis his love his people raises
 With himself to reign as kings ;
 And, as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

Saviour, since of Zion's city
 I through grace a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name ;
 Fading is the worldling's treasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show !
 Solid joys and lasting pleasure
 None but Zion's children know.

C. M.

BEHOLD the mountain of the Lord
 In latter days shall rise,
 On mountain tops above the hills,
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion hill
Illume shall ev'ry land !
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide :
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years ;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer host encount'ring host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come, then, O house of Jacob ! come
To worship at his shrine ;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

C. M.

THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come ;
He shall arise and shine on high.
Bright as the morning sun.

The north and south their sons resign,
 And earth's foundations bend :
 A bride adorn'd, Jerusalem
 All glories shall descend.

The King who wears the splendid crown
 The azure flaming bow,
 The holy city shall bring down,
 To bless his church below.

When Zion's bleeding, conq'ring King
 Shall sin and death destroy,
 The morning stars shall join to sing,
 And Zion shout for joy.

The holy, bright, angelic band,
 Who sing on harps of gold,
 In glorious order then shall stand
 Fair Salem to behold.

Descending with sweet melting strains,
 Jehovah they adore ;
 Such shouts thro' earth's extended plains
 Were never heard before.

Let Satan rage and boast no more,
 Nor think his reign is long ;
 Though saints are feeble, frail, and poor,
 Their great Redeemer's strong.

He is their shield and hiding-place,
 A covert from the storm ;
 A fountain in the wilderness,
 And their eternal home.

The crystal stream comes down from heav'n,
 It issues from the throne ,
 The floods of strife away are driv'n,
 The church becomes but one :

That peaceful union we shall know,
And live upon his love,
And sing and shout his name below,
As angels do above.

A thousand years shall roll around,
The church shall be complete ;
Call'd by the last loud trumpet's sound,
Their Saviour's face to meet :

With joy they meet him in the sky,
Whom here their souls ador'd ;
And live in worlds of bliss on high,
For ever with their Lord.

11's.

THE Prince of salvation is coming—prepare
Away in the desert his blessings to share ;
He comes to release us from sins and from woes,
And make the rude wilderness bloom like the rose

His reign shall extend from the east to the west,
Compose all the tumults of nature to rest ;
The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.

The brute hearted temper of man shall grow tame
The wolf and the lion lie down with the lamb ;
The bear with the kine shall contentedly feed,
And children their young ones in harmony lead.

No more shall the sound of the warwhoop be heard
The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd ;
The tomahawk buried shall rest in the ground,
And peace and good-will to the nations abound.

All spirit of war to the gospel shall bow,
The bow lie unstrung at the foot of the plough;
To prune the young orchard the spear shall be bent,
And love greet the world with a smile of content.

Slight tinctures of skin shall no longer engage
The fervor of jealousy, murder, and rage;
But white men and red shall in friendship be join'd,
Wide spreading benevolence over mankind.

Hail! scenes of felicity, transport, and joy,
When hatred and passion shall cease to annoy;
Rich blessings of grace from above shall be giv'n
And life only serve as a passage to heav'n.

Roll forward, blest Saviour, roll forward the day,
When all shall submit, and rejoice in thy sway;
When men of all nations, united in praise,
One vast hallelujah triumphant shall raise.

P. M.

*Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!*

Zion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest how lowly his birth!
The brightest of angels in glory excelling;
He stoops to redeem thee—he reigns upon
earth.

Tell how he cometh from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
round,
How free to the sinner he offers salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are
crown'd.

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise,
You angels, the full hallelujah be singing—
One chorus resound through the earth and
 the skies.

S's, 7's, 4's.

Zion stands with hills surrounded—
 Zion kept by pow'r divine ;
All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine :
 Happy Zion,
 What a favor'd lot is thine !

Ev'ry human tie may perish :
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
 Heav'n and earth at last remove ;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee ;
 Thou art precious in his sight :
 God is with thee—
 God, thine everlasting light.

S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great ;
He makes his churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.

In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces.

When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there, .
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair ;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

C. M.

SAY, who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet, blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn ?

Fair as the moon when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full orb'd glory rides ;

Clear as the sun, when from the east,
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat,
From his resplendent wings.

Tremendous as a host that moves
 Majestically slow,
 With banners wide display'd, all arm'd
 And fearless of the foe !

This is the church by heav'n array'd
 With strength and grace divine ;
 Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
 And thus her glories shine.

8's, 7's, 4's.

Yes, we trust the day is breaking :
 Joyful times are near at hand ;
 God, the mighty God, is speaking
 By his word, in ev'ry land ;
 When he chooses,
 Darkness flies at his command.

While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad :
 Ev'ry language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.

O 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
 To our hearts, to hear, each day,
 Joyful news, from far arriving,
 How the gospel wins its way,
 Those enlight'ning
 Who in death and darkness lay.

God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand ;
 Let the gospel be victorious,
 Through the world, in ev'ry land :
 Then shall idols
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

L. M.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus wash'd my sins away ;
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live rejoicing every day.

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done ;—the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long divided heart !
Fixed on this blissful centre rest ;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.

High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus wash'd my sins away ;
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live rejoicing every day.

Mournful Scenes.**C. M.**

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there ;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

I could renounce my all below,
If my Redeemer bid ;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die, as Moses did.

Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My soul would rise in heav'nly hope,
And welcome the command.

Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms
I would resign my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

P. M.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark !—they whisper ; angels say,
“ Sister spirit, come away ; ”
What is this absorbs me quite ?—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes; it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 "O Grave, where is thy victory?
 O Death, where is thy sting?"

C. M.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
 Is equal warning giv'n;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
 And far above is heav'n.

Death rides on ev'ry passing breeze,
 And lurks in ev'ry flow'r;
Each season has its own disease,
 Its peril ev'ry hour.

Turn, sinner, turn; thy danger know,
 Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
 And warns thee of her dead.

Turn, Christian, turn: thy soul apply
 To truths which hourly tell,
That they who underneath thee lie,
 Shall live in heav'n or hell.

C. M.

HEAV'N has confirm'd the dread decree
 That Adam's race must die:
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
 And low in dust they lie.

Ye living men, the tomb survey
Where you must shortly dwell ;
Hark ! how the awful summons sounds,
In ev'ry fun'ral knell !

Once you must die, and once for all ;
The solemn purport weigh ;
For know that heav'n or hell depends
On that important day.

Those eyes so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the Judge to see ;
And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought
Must pass his scrutiny.

O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend,
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

S's, 4's.

THERE is a calm for those that weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found :
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their sweet repose,
Than summer ev'ning's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

Then, trav'ler in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through times dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

Thy soul, renew'd by grace divine,
In God's own image, freed from clay,
In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

C. M.

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the time more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all the saints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head ?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise :
Awake, ye nations under ground :
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

C. M.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful pow'r, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the op'ning tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

O let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'ful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's approaching hour.

C. M.

DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee:
One thought shall check the starting tear;
It is, that thou art free.

And thus shall faith's consoling pow'r
The tears of love restrain:
O who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again?

Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone ;
Joy breath'd in thy expiring sigh,
To think the race was run.

Thy passing spirit gently fled,
Sustain'd by grace divine ;
O may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine.

L. M.

How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest !
How mildly beams the closing eyes !
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er-
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heav'n and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies !

C. M.

Few are thy days and full of woe
O man of woman born !
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."

Behold the emblem of thy state
In flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.

The mighty flood, that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.

So days, and years, and ages past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light.

O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length
And mingle with the blest !

Cheer'd by this hope with patient mind
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come,
When death shall set me free.

7's, 6's.

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb ;
Youth and vigor soon will flee :
Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclos'd in death's cold arms.

Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb !
 But the children shall enjoy
 Health and beauty soon above,
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

L. M.

Why should we start and fear to die ?
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, and dying strife
 Fright our approaching souls away ;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

But when, my Lord doth come to meet ;
 My soul will stretch her wings in haste :
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she pass.

Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

C. M.

How still and peaceful is the grave,
 Where, life's vain tumults past, .
 Th' appointed place by Heav'n's decree,
 Receives us all at last.

There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose ;
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

All, levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth
To meet their final doom.

O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce my name,
With blessings on my head

S. H. M.

FRIEND after friend departs :
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end :
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown
A vast eternity of love,
Home of the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away :
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day :
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heav'n's own light.

P. M.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not
deplore thee,
Tho' darkness and sorrow encompass the
tomb ;
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portals
before thee,
And the lamp of his love was thy guide thro'
the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer
deplore thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-
fold thee,
And this is our hope since the Saviour has
died.

Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong
to deplore thee,
When Christ was thy ransom, thy guardian,
and guide ;
He bought thee, and took thee, and soon will
restore thee,
Where death has no power, since thy Saviour
has died.

S's, 7's.

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,—

“Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

‘What though yet no losses grieve you,—
Gay with health and many a grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.”

On the tree of life eternal
Let your highest hopes be stay'd;
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

C. M.

How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

Our days run thoughtlessly along.
Without a moment's stay;
We, like a story, or a song,
Do pass our lives away.

God from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Tend downward as we run.

Draw us, O God, with thy rich grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

C. M.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,
How short the fleeting time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

What can I wish, or wait for then,
From creatures—earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain
And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all

S. M.

OUR fathers! where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares
Their wealth and honor, gone!

But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

God of our fathers, hear,
 Thou everlasting Friend,
 While we, as on life's utmost verge,
 Our souls to thee commend.

Of all the sainted dead,
 May we the footsteps trace,
 Till with them, in the land of light,
 We dwell before thy face.

L. M.

DEAR is the spot where Christians sleep,
 And sweet the strain their spirits pour;
 O, why should we in anguish weep?—
 They are not lost, but gone before.

Secure from every mortal care,
 By sin and sorrow vex'd no more,
 Eternal happiness they share
 Who are not lost, but gone before.

To Zion's peaceful courts above
 In faith triumphant may we soar,
 Embracing, in the arms of love,
 The friends not lost, but gone before

To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
 And hear the swelling waters roar;
 Jesus! convey us safely home,
 To friends not lost, but gone before.

L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep
 From which none ever wakes to weep—
 A calm and undisturb'd repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no wo, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

L. M.

As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,—
Thus lovely seem'd the infant's dawn;
Thus swiftly fled his life away!

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death timely came with friendly care:
The op'ning bud to heav'n convey'd,
And bade it bloom for ever there

L. M.

So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour ;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart ?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh ;
Thy comforts are not made to die.

Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again ;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

L. M.

How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight ;
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears ;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

O, cheerless were our lengthen'd way ;
But heav'n's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

O, stay thy tears ; the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love ;
Then why should anguish reign on earth ?

L. M.

O MOURNER ! who with tender love,
Now weeps beside an infant grave,
Wilt thou not seek the Friend above,
Who takes the little one he gave ?

Then lift thy weary, weeping eye
Above the waves that round thee dwell,
Is not thy darling safe on high?
Canst thou not whisper—it is well?

Yes, it is well—though never more
His infant form to earth be giv'n;
He rests where sin and grief are o'er,
And thou may'st meet thy child in heav'n.

L. M.

Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son [bed:
Passed through the grave, and bless'd the
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

S. M.

Go to thy rest, fair child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefil'd
With blessings on thy head.

Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this dark and fearful land
Where flow'rs so quickly fade.

Before thy heart had learned
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet had ever turned
The dark and downward way;

Ere sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
In yon celestial sphere!

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle care
Was such a dear delight;

Shall love, with weak embrace;
Thy upward wing detain?
No! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

L. M.

THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

I come, I come, at thy command;
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thy everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

Judgment.**8s, 7s, 4s.**

Lo! ~~he~~ comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train ;
Hallelujah !

Jesus now shall ever reign !
Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at naught and sold **him**
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment !

Come to judgment ! come away !
Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air,
Hallelujah !

See the day of God appear !
Lord, thy bride says by thy Spirit,
Hasten thou the gen'ral doom !
Promis'd glory to inherit,
Take thy weary pilgrims home !
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

Yes—Amen! Let all adore thee,
 High on thy exalted throne;
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
 Claim the kingdoms for thy own,
 O! come quickly!
 Hallelujah, come, Lord, come!

S's, 7's, 4's.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round;
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine!
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This Lord is mine!"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine!
 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee?
 Horrors past imagination
 Will surprise your trembling heart:
 When you hear your condemnation,
 "Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
 Hence with Satan
 And his angels have your part."

But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, you blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow :
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise !
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise :
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze !

S. M.

BEHOLD the day is come :
The righteous Judge is near ;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

Angels, in bright attire,
Attend him through the skies ;
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,
Shall follow as he flies.

How awful is the sight !
How loud the thunders roar !
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

The whole creation groans ;
But saints arise and sing :
They are the ransom'd of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

Miscellaneous.**S. M.**

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of grace reveal.

How charming is their voice !
How sweet their tidings are !
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found !

How blessed are our eyes
That see the heav'nly light !
Prophets and priests desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

O Lord, make bare thy arm
Through all the earth abroad !
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Glory to God on high !
And peace o'er all the earth !
Good-will to men—to angels joy
At our Redeemer's birth.

L. M.

So let your lips and lives express
The holy gospel you profess ;
So let your works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall you best proclaim abroad
The honors of your Saviour God ;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin,
Your flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Your inward piety approve.

Religion bears your spirits up,
While you expect that blessed hope—
And bright appearance of the Lord—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Welcome, then, brethren of the Lord ;
The rest his word and church afford
Accept, and may his grace divine,
Cause you in deeds of love to shine.

S. M.

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait ;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight ;
For awful is his name.

Watch! 'tis the Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crown'd.

S's, 7's, 4's.

LIGHT of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing on thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone!
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word: at thy command
Let thy truth and faithful heralds
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord, be with them
Always to the end of time.

H. M.

With songs of grateful praise
Surround Jehovah's seat ;
The goodness of his ways
Through all the earth repeat ;
His mercy rose
Ere time was known,
And from his throne
Eternal flows.

He bids his light arise,
And sends his gospel forth ;
From east to west it flies,
And fills the south and north ;
His mighty grace
Its power imparts,
And willing hearts
His truth embrace.

Then far as isles extend,
To the vast ocean's bound,
Let kings to Jesus bend,
And pour their off'rings round ;
Arabia, raise,
The songs divine ;
And Afric, join
T' exalt his praise.

Let India's fertile shore
Its gifts and honors bring,
To hail the Saviour's power,
To crown Immanuel, King ;
Remotest lands
The homage pay,
Till all obey
His high commands

C. M.

FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run ?

Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own,
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne ?

Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues
Under th' expanse of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son
Without exception giv'n ?

From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd !
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord !

Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore, his fame ;
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim !

S. M.

My few revolving years,
How swift they glide away !
How short the term of life appears,
When past—but as a day.

Lord, through another year,
If thou permit my stay,
With watchful care may I pursue
The true and living way.

11's.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness ;
 Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;
 Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
 Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued
 them,

And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far ;
 They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pur-
 sued them,

Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

Daughter of Zion, the pow'r that hath sav'd thee,
 Extoll'd with our hearts and our voices should be ;
 Shout ! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,
 Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

7's, 6's.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
 And ev'ry prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen, in their blindness,
 Bow down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft—waft, you winds, his story,
And you, you waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

C. M.

LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest pow'rs,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

Preserv'd by thine almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene and safe from ev'ry harm,
And see returning light.

O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes my waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

Night unto night his name repeats ;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun !
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

L. M.

My God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

C. M.

AGAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
I rise to hail the dawn;
Again my waking eyes uncloze,
To view the smiling morn.

Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing
For thou hast safely kept
My soul beneath thy guardian wing
And watch'd me while I slept.

Glory to thee, eternal Lord;
O teach my heart to pray,
And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
To guide me through the day.

Let ev'ry thought and word accord
With thy most holy will;
Each deed the precepts of thy word
With pious aim fulfil.

From danger, sin, and ev'ry ill,
My constant Guardian prove;
O sanctify my heart, and fill
With thoughts of holy love

7's.

THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song:
Thankful from my couch arise,
To the God that rules the skies.

Thou did'st hear my ev'ning cry ;
Thy preserving hand was nigh :
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

Thou hast kept me through the night ;
'Twas thy hand restor'd the light ;
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

Still my feet are prone to stray ;
O preserve me through the day :
Dangers ev'rywhere abound,
Sins and snares beset me round.

Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display ;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

S. M.

THE morning light returns,
The sun begins to shine ;
Now let our souls in haste arise,
To run the race divine.

We praise the Father's love,
Who kept us through the night ;
O may his kindness be our song,
His pleasure our delight.

While passing through this day,
Lord, we implore thy care,
To guide us on the heav'nly way,
And guard from ev'ry snare.

And when our life shall close,
O may it be in peace ;
May we lie down in sweet repose
And wake in endless bliss.

7's, 8's.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guard and giver ;
Thou dost guard thy children sleeping,
Ever safe while in thy keeping.

We have seen thy wondrous might
Through the shadows of the night ;
Thou who slumb'rest not, nor sleepest,
Bless'd are they thou kindly keepest.

God of ev'ning's yellow ray,
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea,
Like breathings of eternity—

Thine the flaming orbs of light ;
Thine the darkness of the night ;
Thine are all the gems of even—
God of angels, God of heaven.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Dwell for ever in my heart ;
God of life that end shall never,
Glory to thy name for ever.

8's, 7's.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me ;
Bless thy little lamb to-night :
Through the darknes be thou near me ;
Keep me safe till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me
Listen to my ev'ning pray'r!

May my sins be all forgiven ;
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear ;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we now possess.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from ev'ry fear,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appear.

And when we early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest.
The bosom of thy love.

L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.

L. M.

GREAT God, to thee my ev'ning song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

My days, unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry gentle, fleeting hour,
Be monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and pow'r.
In this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake to praise thy holy name.

C. M.

Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.

Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

New time, new favor, and new joys,
Do a new song require ,
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

S. M.

ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.

Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep ;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stay'd!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismay'd.

S's, 7's.

SAVIOUR, breathe an ev'ning blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us ;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.

L. M.

Thus far the Lord has led me on ;
 Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days ;
 And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
 Some fresh memorials of his grace.

I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Peace is the pillow for my head :
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

Thus, when the night of death shall come
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound

7's.

SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon our sight away ;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, we would commune with thee.

Soon for us the light of day
 Shall forever pass away ;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

C. M.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray :
 I am for ever thine :
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.

And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

I pay this ev'ning sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

C. M.

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes.
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

L. M.

'Tis a precious book indeed!
Happy the child that loves to read!
'Tis God's own word, which he has giv'n
To show our souls the way to heav'n!

It tells us how the world was made ;
And how good men the Lord obey'd ;
Here his commands are written, too,
To teach us what we ought to do.

It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die :
It points to heav'n, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

But, what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us Jesus died !
This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

Be thankful, children, that you may
Read this good Bible ev'ry day ;
'Tis God's own word, which he has giv'n
To show your souls the way to heav'n.

C. M.

LET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say,
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

Have we not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him who breaks his father's law
Or mocks his mother's word ?

But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
Here on this earth they long shall live
And live hereafter too.

C. M.

How happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice !

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

7's. 6's.

"REMEMBER thy Creator,"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night ;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

"Remember thy Creator,"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust ;
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear :
He cries who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me.

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Confiding, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy presence, gracious Lord, impart,
Direct me from above,
May thy dear name be near my heart,
That dear, best name is Love.

C. M.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Pow'r!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may 'his consecrated hour,
With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd.
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy guiding hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

My lifted eyes, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see,
My steadfast heart, without a fear,
Shall find repose in thee.

L. M.

God from the dead has rais'd his Son ;
Death and the pow'rs of hell are spoil'd;
Justice declares the work is done,
And men to God are reconcil'd.

Christians, for whom the Lord was slain,
Give to his name the glory due ;
O let his love your hearts constrain
To live for him who died for you.

Earth's empty toys no more esteem,
Your minds from worldly thoughts remove;
Let your affections rise with him,
And set your hearts on things above.

L. M.

THE food on which thy children live,
Great God, is thine alone to give ;
And we, for grace receiv'd, would raise
A sacred song of love and praise.

How vast, how full, how rich, how free,
Bless'd Jesus, thy rich treasures be !
To the full fountain of our joys,
We gladly come for fresh supplies.

For this we wait upon thee, Lord ;
For this we listen to thy word ;
Descend like gentle show'rs of rain,
Not let our souls attend in vain.

7's.

HAIL the day that saw him rise,
Ravish'd from his people's eyes ;
Christ, a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n.
There the splendid triumph waits--
"Lift your heads, you heav'nly gates ;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in."

He, whom highest heav'n receives,
Ever loves the friends he leaves ;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls his saints his own ;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads ;
Near himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

Taken from our eyes to-day,
Master, hear us when we pray ;
See thy needy servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee.

Grant, though parted from our sight
Far above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Follow thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Looking when the Lord shall come,
Longing, reaching after home ;
There for ever to remain,
Partners of thy endless reign ;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

C. M.

FATHER of all, we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd,
But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.

For ever hallow'd be thy name
By all beneath the skies ;
And let thy kingdom still advance
Till grace to glory rise.

A grateful homage let us yield,
With hearts resign'd to thee ;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still ;
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented with thy will.

Our sins before thee we confess;
O may we be forgiv'n!
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from heav'n!

Still let thy grace our lives direct,
From evil guard our way,
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.

For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine,
All glory's due to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

7's.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigor on ;
 A heav'nly race demands your zeal
 And an immortal crown.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To mine aspiring eye.

A cloud of witnesses around
 Holds thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
 Have we our race begun ;
 And crown'd with vic'try, at thy feet
 We'll lay our honors down.

C. M.

GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
 Let us an altar raise ;
 And there, with humble frame, present
 Our sacrifice of praise.

To thee we give our health and strength
 While health and strength shall last ;
 For future mercies humbly trust,
 Nor e'er forget the past.

S. M.

THIS world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,
And all *that* life is love.

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around that awful death!

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

7's.

Lo! the stone is rolled away;
Death yields up his mighty prey;
Jesus rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise; and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

Ev'ry note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumphs tell;
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king?

Let Immanuel be ador'd,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let th' eternal praise resound.

H's.

Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam;
And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

How damp were the vapors that fell on his head,
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed :
The angels beholding amaz'd at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight.

O garden of Olives ! thou dear honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love !

Come saints, and adore him ; come bow at his feet ;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

L. M.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove ;
Still I am nothing without love.

Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name—

If love to God and love to men
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
 The works of love can e'er fulfil.

7's.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heav'nly King.

Blessings from his lib'ral hand
 Flow around this happy land:
 Kept by him, no foes annoy;
 Peace and freedom we enjoy.

Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
 May we cheerfully obey,—
 Never feel oppression's rod,—
 Ever own and worship God.

Hark! the voice of nature sings
 Praises to the King of kings;
 Let us join the choral song,
 And the grateful notes prolong.

6's, 4's.

THE God of harvest praise;
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart, and voice;
 The valleys smile and sing,
 Forest and mountains ring,
 The plains their tribute bring,
 The streams rejoice.

Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth ;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

The God of harvest praise ,
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord :
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move
Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine ;
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And gav'st refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer, nor winter. fails.

C. M.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of ev'ry clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

O guard our shores from ev'ry foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosp'rous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plent'ousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee ;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend ;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

L. M.

LORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

Let ev'ry public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise ;
Let ev'ry peaceful, private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.

Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight ;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

C. M.

WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the op'ning year,
What various sounds of joy arise !
What prospects bright appear !

Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise ;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their off'ring raise.

The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky ;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heav'n's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

No winter there, no shades of night,
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

C. M.

STERN Winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round ;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd !

The sun withholds his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart ;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray :
'This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

O happy state ! divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heav'nly plains.

Great fount of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the source of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

C. M.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again :
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

Awake, my soul ; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn :
What are thy hopes ? how sure ? how fair ?
What is thy great concern ?

Behold another year begins;
Set out afresh for heav'n;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely giv'n.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road.
Nor doubt a happy end.

S's, T's, A's.

On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well belov'd.

God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps, *that* grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace led our wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone
And well deserves our praise.

P. M.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish
Come, at the Mercy Seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts—here tell
your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure,

L. M.

THERE is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,—
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

CHORUS.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more,
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.
It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose ;
No cloud obscures the radiant scene,
There, not a tear of sorrow flows.

C. M.

THERE is a land, a happy land,
Where tears are wiped away
From ev'ry eye, by God's own hand,
And night is turned to day.
There is a home, a happy home,
Where way-worn travellers rest,
Where toil and languor never come
And every mourner's blest.
There is a port, a peaceful port,
A safe and quiet shore,
Where weary mariners resort,
And fear the storms no more!
There is a crown, a dazzling crown,
Bedecked with jewels fair ;
And priests and kings of high renown,
That crown of glory wear.

S. M.

I LOVE to think of heaven,
 Where white-rob'd angels are,
 Where many a friend is gathered safe,
 From fear, and toil, and care.

CHORUS.

There'll be no more parting there,
 There'll be no more parting there,
 In heaven above where all is love,
 There'll be no more parting there.

I love to think of heaven,
 Where my Redeemer reigns,
 Where rapt'rous songs of triumph rise,
 In endless, joyous strains.

I love to think of heaven,
 The saints' eternal home, [fade,
 Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er
 And all our joys are one.

I love to think of heaven,
 The greetings there we'll meet,
 The harps—the songs forever ours—
 The walks—the golden streets.

Be mine, that calm retreat,
 That crown of glory bright;
 Then I'll esteem each bitter sweet,
 And ev'ry burden light.

I love to think of heaven,
 That promis'd land so fair,
 O how my raptur'd spirit longs
 To be forever there.

S. M.

COME, sing to me of heaven,
 When I'm about to die;
 Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
 To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS.

There'll be no sorrow there,
 There'll be no sorrow there,
 In heaven above, where all is love,
 There'll be no sorrow there.

When the last moment comes,
 O, watch my dying face,
 To catch the bright seraphic glow,
 Which on each feature plays.

Then to my raptur'd ear
 Let one sweet song be given;
 Let music charm me last on earth,
 And greet me first in heaven.

7's.

Who are these in bright array,
 This exulting, happy throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song?—
 "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, pow'r,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion ev'ry hour."

These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great affliction came;
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with his almighty name:

Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in ev'ry hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's **might**,
 More than conq'rors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 'Them the Lamb, amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead :
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels all fears ;
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

S's, 7's.

IN THE Christian's home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest,
 There my Saviour's gone before me
 To fulfil my soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you—
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand,
 For my stay shall not be transient,
 In that holy, happy land.

Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor wo my lot shall share
 But in that celestial centre,
 I a crown of life shall wear.

L. M.

"'TIS FINISH'D," the Redeemer cries,
Then lowly bows his fainting head;
And soon th' expiring sacrifice
Sinks to the regions of the dead.

"Tis done—the mighty work is done!
For men or angels much too great;
Which none but God's almighty Son,
Or would attempt, or could complete.

"Tis done—old things are pass'd away,
And a new state of things begun;
A kingdom which shall ne'er decay,
But shall outlast the circling sun.

A new account of time begins;
Now our dear Lord resumes his breath;
Charg'd with our sorrows and our sins,
Our lives to ransom by his death.

Once he was dead, but now he reigns,
He lives, he lives, he lives again;
Let's tell our joys in pious strains,
And spread the glory of his name.

C. M.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
O Lord, we ask thy presence here
To make a wedding guest.

Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

7's.

FATHER of the human race,
Sanction with thy heav'nly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one.

One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth,
And as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.

One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part;
One in cheerful piety,
One for ever, Lord, with thee.

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